

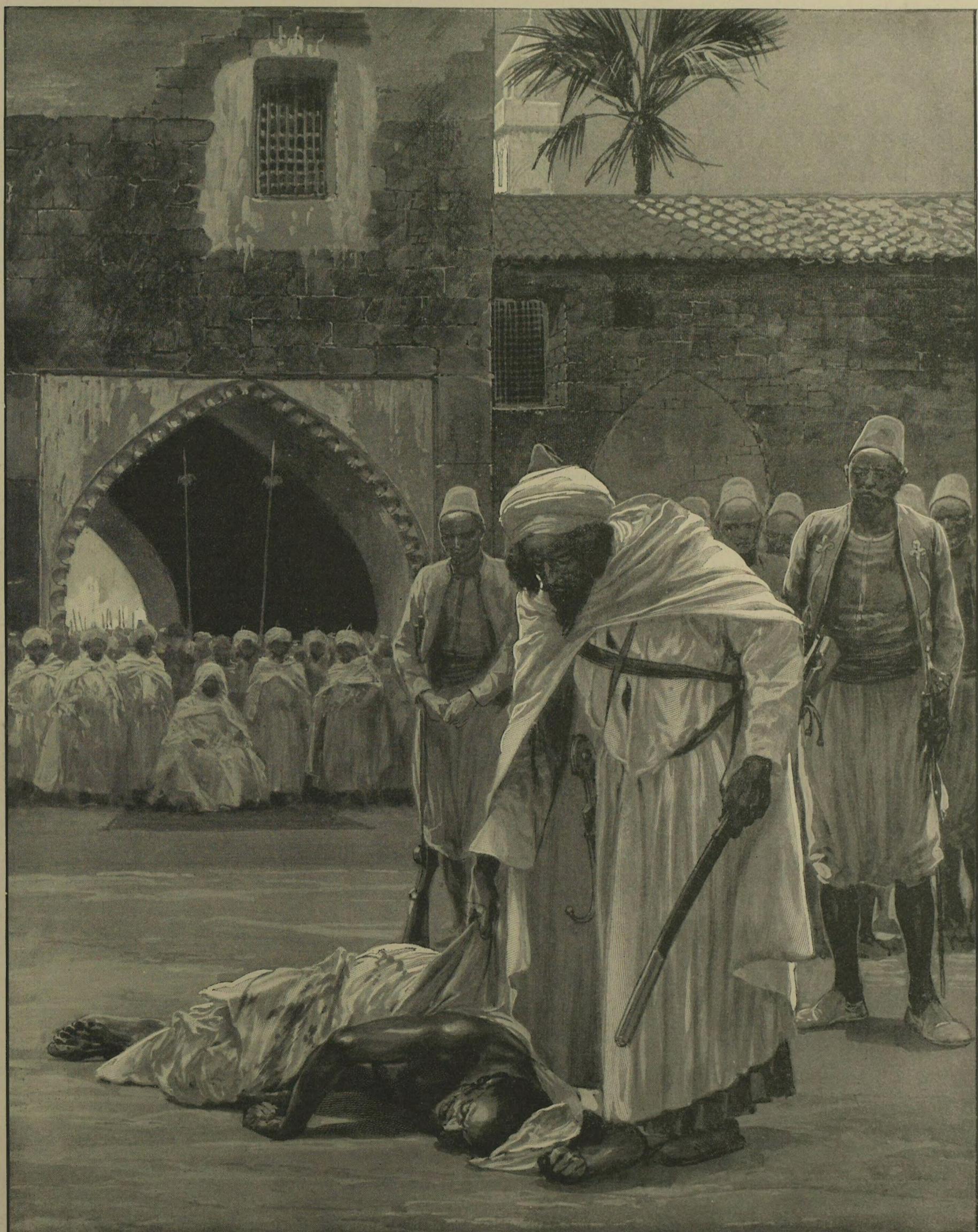
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDONER NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE REPRESSION OF LAWLESSNESS IN MOROCCO: AN EXECUTION BEFORE THE SULTAN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The Sultan has created an extraordinary innovation by his stern dealing with the fanatical Moslim who attacked Mr. Cooper, the medical missionary. He had the culprit flogged and exposed to derision in the streets. Then, learning that Mr. Cooper had died of his wounds, his Highness immediately had the murderer shot in his presence.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

General De Wet ought to be gratified by the reception accorded to his book. There is no disposition to cavil at achievements which make so profitable a study in military efficiency. A very frank and fearless man is Christian De Wet, and when he bids his countrymen to be loyal to the Empire he lays upon them a moral obligation, and not the slippery pledge of a shifty convenience. Some of his views, to be sure, lack maturity. In one place he ascribes the sufferings of the Boer women and children to the "necessary circumstances of war"; but elsewhere he inveighs against the military policy which would not leave the women comfortably in their homes to make provision for the rambling burgher when he needed rest. It would have been so convenient and charming for the fighting Boer if he could have revisited his family now and then, sure of finding his flocks and herds, and all the property useful to a warrior who wants to breathe awhile before taking the field again. When Christian De Wet thinks of that beautiful plan, and how we baulked it, he finds it difficult to forgive us. Fiery epithets slip from his pen. In many of his dazzling marches he used to sleep at night in a friendly farmhouse. How unfair, nay, how barbarous, of the British to make this refuge untenable, to clear out the hospitable householder, drive off the flocks and herds, and leave to the unconquerable chief neither solace nor refreshment!

There are still quaint persons among us who believe that we broke all laws, human and divine, notably by looting the private property of non-combatants. General De Wet shows that there were no non-combatants and no private property. The whole people warred gallantly against us with everything they possessed. We had to move them and their munitions of resistance right out of the arena. It is an odd comment on this "barbary" to find Louis Botha thanking heaven that "our wives are under English protection," and De Wet proposing to prolong the war by sending the women and children, who were starving with the commandoes, to shelter with surrendered burghers in the lines of the remorseless enemy. So barbarous did we become, indeed, that we actually spoilt another beautiful plan by refusing to take any more women and children into the concentration camps! That brought about the end at Vereeniging; an interesting fact for the classical scholars who used to tell us that the camps surpassed in fiendish devices the ingenuity of Attila, Nero, and King Bomba.

Having published this remarkable work, General De Wet, I hope, feels easier in his mind. Literary composition is a great assuagement. The Boer Generals can no longer ambush our commanders; but they can walk into the offices of our publishers and cry "Hands up!" They have taken the sting out of a famous stroke of irony: "O that mine adversary had written a book!" They are pouring volleys of books into a smiling public. De Wet is said to be projecting a text-book on "Scouting," an early copy of which (with the compliments of the author) ought to be very welcome at the War Office. I hear of a Boer commandant who has a little volume in hand; he is reported to have seven hundred collaborators! May the joy of authorship prove a balm to their souls! May they have no recriminations with their publishers! One of these fortunate gentlemen figures in *Notes and Queries*. A correspondent, who knew him at school forty years ago, remembers that he had a fine collection of postage-stamps, and wonders what became of it. He tells me that he sold it for twenty-five pounds, and murmurs thoughtfully in the smoking-room, "And to-day it might be worth a thousand!" It is pleasant to find great men recalling the innocent recreations of boyhood, innocent but not financially futile. How true is it that the child is father to the man, when you consider that the child collected stamps, and the man collects Boer authors!

British authors, I gather from Mr. Oswald Crawford's interesting paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, are suffering grave injustice. They are kept out of the lucrative field at present monopolised by playwrights. A novelist has a natural desire to write a successful play, but he must first learn the technique of the drama, very difficult and arbitrary. The convention of the theatre, complains Mr. Crawford, demands that the narrative—how the *dramatis personæ* came into that galley—shall be so adroitly woven into the plot as to make the play seem to happen naturally from the very outset. Now, if the exposition of the theme, as it is called, is managed with skill, and not by letting two of the characters in the first scene take chairs near the footlights, and tell one another something that happened forty years ago to set the machinery going, the attention of the audience is riveted at once, and the piece develops with delightful ease. That is the perfection which dramatic technique has now attained; witness the best plays of Mr. Pinero. "Oh, yes," says Mr. Crawford in effect; "but why bother the novelist to learn this? Why not let him tell the story in another way? The curtain will rise and disclose a personage who will recite a monologue, written with consummate literary address,

and setting out all the circumstances, the family history, and so forth, that make the basis of the plot, or, at any rate, the indispensable preliminaries. It will be a charming story, admirably told; the audience will be thoroughly engrossed; and then the play itself will begin at the very point where the narrator left off."

For this arrangement Mr. Crawford claims several advantages. It would give the novelist a hearing; it would shorten plays by one-half; and it would induce the public to read them even before they were produced. But nobody wants a good play to be shortened by one-half; and I fear the public would not greatly desire to read a work that was neither play nor novel, but a blend of the two. Charm he never so wisely, the Chorus in the prologue could not be so interesting as the people of the drama explaining their own case in a situation that seizes our attention at once. In the theatre we want their personalities without delay; and a blameless gentleman telling us all about them beforehand in a recitation would not do at all. Chorus in "Henry V." speaks some fine lines, and we listen respectfully because they are Shakspere; but this method without Shakspere would not be exhilarating. Besides, the novelist who thought it was all plain sailing after he had written the prologue in his best manner would find that he still had everything to learn. Even in novels we do not get all our explanations in the first chapter; and in plays the characters have to speak their minds all the time, and not leave the author any space to bustle in. Playwriting, in short, is a very harassing business; and Mr. Crawford's plan for simplifying and smoothing it to beginners does not seem feasible. But I should like to see it tried, for even the professional pessimism of the critic yearns for new ideas in the theatre.

It appears that Sir Edward Clarke was misreported when he was made to suggest that English literature became second-rate after 1860. Over this misunderstanding he and Mr. Gosse have had some pretty bouts in the *Times*. It is the chief charm of such encounters that no combatant keeps to the point; and so we have Sir Edward and his critic quarrelling over the remains of Montaigne and Ben Jonson. Was Montaigne insensible to the merits of his contemporaries? Thrilling theme, especially as he was thoughtful enough to provide both sides with quotations! A hundred years hence it will be debated in the *Times* whether authors in our day were insensible to the merits of contemporary lawyers as critics of literature. One eminent disputant will quote Mr. Gosse, and another will quote Mr. Birrell, who pleads that even a K.C. may know something about books. There is no doubt that Sir Edward Clarke can quote Ben Jonson, and that he is willing, after a little pressure, to admit that Balzac was a great writer. These exercises must be refreshing to a mind which is usually engaged in appeals to the British juryman.

The evolution of London goes on apace. Piccadilly is to lose St. James's Hall. That venerable haunt of minstrelsy will be transformed into an hotel. I remember that on the site of Prince's Restaurant there stood a tavern once, where an excellent steak-pie was to be had of a Sunday for a shilling. The cheap and delicate aroma of that dish revisits me across the years; but I can enter Prince's without repining when cheered by the proverb, "The wholesomest meat is at another man's cost." But the fleeting of St. James's Hall touches a more spiritual chord. I cannot believe that the Muses of poetry and melody will desert the spot. Music, heavenly maid, will take a situation in the new hotel, and warbling will be heard in the corridors about eight p.m.; also the sound of tuneful instruments. "The Last Rose of Summer" and other familiar ballads will float down the stairs; and should you question the best-looking chambermaid, a candid blush will reveal her celestial origin. Moreover, a gentleman with an ebony complexion and a banjo under his arm will discourse plantation melodies in the lift, and make no secret of the fact that he is the exquisite remnant of Moore and Burgess.

Mr. Sidney Low's prophetic eye sees great avenues, adorned by the hardy plane-tree, radiating from the heart of London to all points of the compass. They will be spanned here and there by light bridges for pedestrians, so that the traffic need no longer be checked by the police whenever nursemaids cross the road. There will be subways as well as surface-ways for vehicles, special tracks for motor-cars, and an express service for underground trains, which are now, as Mr. Low says, almost as slow as omnibuses. Other reformers have visions of a transformed architecture, of Gower Street and Baker Street richly glowing with terra-cotta. Exiles returning to Gower Street after long years will feel like Tennyson's village beauty who married the landscape-painter, and was astonished to find that he was a nobleman with a country seat. They will see mansions more majestic than all those they saw before; and, I daresay, many a gallant, gay domestic will bow before them at the door. The spirit of gaiety, which draws so little stimulus from the dull monotony of our dwellings, will bubble over in the Baker Street of that coming era; and foreign students of our manners will complain that we have lost our dignified reserve.

## PARLIAMENT.

The Education Bill was read a third time and passed to the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. A final effort was made by Lord Hugh Cecil and his friends to expunge the Kenyon-Slaney sub-section. Colonel Kenyon-Slaney admitted that he did not quite recognise his own offspring in the complexion which the Attorney-General had given it. Would the clergyman continue to give religious instruction in a Church school, or could the board of managers appoint a lay teacher for that office? Would an appeal be made to the Bishop in the event of any divergence of opinion; and, if so, would the appeal be limited to the character of the religious instruction? These questions appeared to remain open; but all the same, the Kenyon-Slaney sub-section was upheld by a very large majority. Subsequently the Attorney-General stated in reply to a question that the managers would have the right to decide by whom the religious instruction should be given. In the debate on the third reading Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman charged the Government with having lowered the character of national education, and Mr. Bryce declared that the system created by the Bill was founded on sand. The Government ought to have taken over the Voluntary schools at a reasonable rent, and established complete popular control. Sir William Anson replied that, whatever might be the merit of that proposal theoretically, it was practically impossible in this country. He believed that good elementary, secondary, and technical schools would be the outcome of the Bill.

The new Rules of Procedure were made Standing Orders after protest from Mr. Gibson Bowles that they had not been adequately tested.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE UNFORESEEN," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"The Unforeseen" is one of the plays which are based on an easily removed misunderstanding; all that Captain Marshall asks the playgoer to admire is the dexterity with which four acts of not unamusing stage stuff are evolved from the innocent past of a clergyman's wife. The clergyman, at a time when he is blind, marries, unknown to himself, a lady whom he had met in Paris as the seeming wife of a ne'er-do-well and suicide, and he recovers his sight only to bring about the inevitable scenes of recognition, explanation, and forgiveness. In a piece of this kind, the play's lack of vraisemblance and fidelity to real life has, of course, to be disguised by the prettiness of the scenery and dresses and by the everyday bearing and breeding of the actors and actresses. Mr. Cyril Maude, accordingly, makes a very appealing figure as the blind parson, though the clever comedian falls into his usual sin of over-emphasising the mawkish sentiment and plaintive tones of this kind of not very hopeful lover. Miss Evelyn Millard is effective and realistic in similar fashion; that is to say, while presenting a very natural portrait of a refined and charming young wife, she fails to give to her part anything like emotional sincerity or spontaneity. Mr. Allan Aynesworth, in his familiar rôle of the well-groomed British officer, contrives to present the man as far as mere externals go, and Mr. Eric Lewis and Miss Marie Linden bear bravely enough the load of some extremely farcical comic relief. "The Unforeseen," indeed, is merely another of Captain Marshall's studies in minor sentimental romance, and his interpreters alone make the play at all tolerable.

## "MERRIE ENGLAND" AGAIN AT THE SAVOY.

That the London theatre peculiarly identified with refined comic opera should maintain its traditions, is altogether desirable in view of the dreary banalities of so-called musical comedy. Welcome, therefore, is the return of that artistic and picturesque Savoy entertainment, "Merrie England," which has now resumed its West-End run after a successful provincial tour. Here is a play which tells a pretty romance of Elizabethan times, makes in Mr. Basil Hood's stirring lyrics a legitimate patriotic appeal, provides in Mr. Edward German's score tasteful music written by an English composer, and so may be readily excused a certain lack of robust comicality. With all the Savoy's favourite vocalists and comedians repeating their old triumphs, "Merrie England" should prolong its happy career; and its promised successor, "A Princess of Kensington," also the work of Messrs. Hood and German's collaboration, should not be needed till after Christmas.

## "IF I WERE KING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

It is a pleasure to find so agreeable a specimen of romantic drama as "If I Were King" registering its hundredth performance, and establishing in London, as in New York, a decided popularity. For over against the shortcomings of Mr. Huntly McCarthy's fantasy—if either its idealising of a mere *nominis umbra* like the poet Villon, or its occasional excess of very finely written dialogue, can be at all reasonably resented—may be set the merits of exuberant invention, passionate sentiment, riotous adventure, and language full of poetic warmth and colour. This audacious stage-legend of a Villon who saved France and won a great lady's love owes much of its appeal to the admirable acting of Mr. Alexander and its other chief interpreters—Mr. Fulton, Miss Julie Opp, and Miss Suzanne Sheldon—for their declamatory fervour brings out to the full the play's romantic charm and rhetorical beauty.

## "THE PROPHECY," AT THE GRAND, FULHAM.

Mr. Richard Ganthony, popularly known as the author of that pretty, sentimental stage-apologue, "A Message from Mars," has attempted in his new play, "The Prophecy," produced at the Fulham Theatre, something more in the 'Ercles vein. His latest experiment, in fact, is a romantic drama telling of the rival love which twin peasant brothers, one saturnine and the other mercurial, entertained for a great lady; of the long and fickle dallying she made between them,

because their mystic affinity rendered both fascinating; and of the deadly duel they waged, only stopped by an eclipse, which, according to "prophecy," removed the cloud from the elder brother's soul, and so made him surrender his inamorata. Mr. Ganthon's story, which is obviously indebted to that of Otway's tragedy, "The Orphan," has many naïve, not to say unconsciously humorous, moments, which are not rendered less noticeable by his resorting to florid, though sometimes forcible, rhetoric and to unpolished but amiable verse. Still, many of his scenes are full-blooded and powerful, many of his combinations of the three leading characters are ingenious and novel; while the author himself and Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Ida Molesworth act the rôles of the twin brothers and their vacillating lady-love with agreeable and picturesque vigour.

## ATTRACTIVE FEATURES AT THE PALACE.

Rarely has the Palace Theatre had a programme so exceptionally attractive as that which it offers just at present. The biograph pictures of themselves, representing as they do with marvellous vividness and sense of illusion the successive stages of an ascent of Mont Blanc, might seem to supply sufficient material for an evening's amusement. But at the Palace there also appears that piquant comédienne, Miss Ada Reeve, rendering several sprightly new chansonnées, and, answering in one, entitled "Women," that song of "Men" which an injunction lately prevented her delivering. Then, too, enjoyment should be derived from the magical feats of Mr. Horace Goldin, a conjurer who makes ladies vanish and reappear instantaneously, as well as from the "policeman" ditty of that genial humorist, Mr. Herbert Campbell, who is only one of the Palace Theatre's many capable performers.

## THE PROGRAMME OF THE HIPPODROME.

There is never any lack of variety in the "turns" of the London Hippodrome, that unique pleasure-house which combines the advantages of a circus and a music-hall, and can also, by reason of the size of its ring and its stage, produce imposing scenic effects. Probably the spectacular element is the most popular just now with Mr. Moss's audiences; certainly it occupies a prominent place in the Hippodrome bill. The "Bandits" sketch has now been removed from the programme, after a most successful run, but the sensational spectacle of "Martinique" and its volcanic eruption still holds its place. In the midst of this realistic representation, survivors of the recent catastrophe furnish examples of native songs and dances, and so provide a piquant contrast to later and earlier feats of the Hippodrome's acrobats, jugglers, equestrians, and clowns. Finally, as this hall has always been famed for its performing animals, it is fitting that a baboon, named Diavoleno, should essay herein the difficult task of "cycling the loop."

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President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL SPENCER, K.G.

## AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

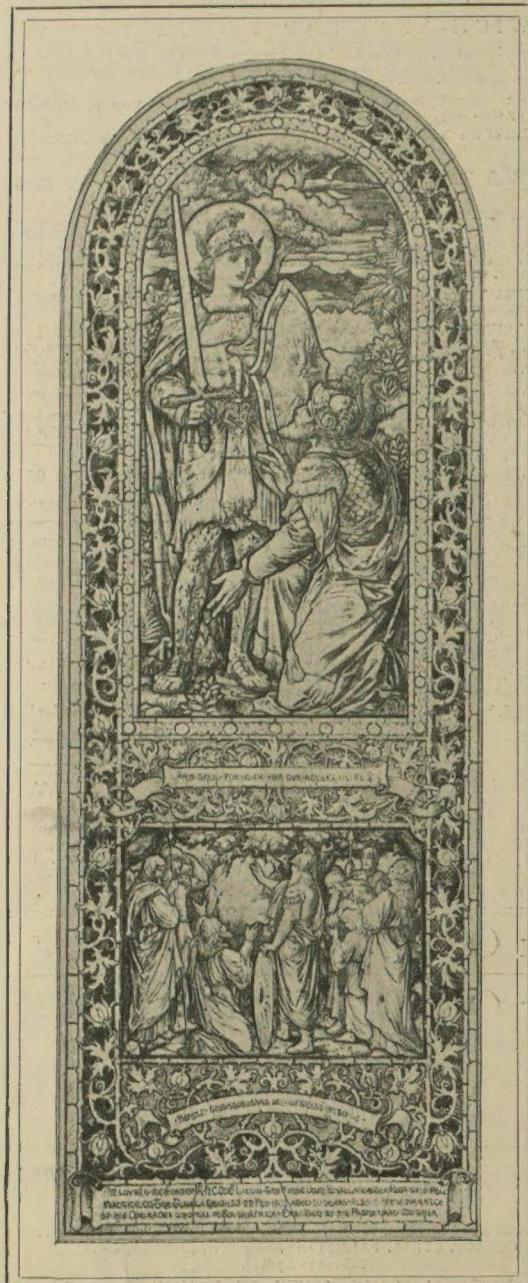
Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, Implements, Roots, &amp;c.

MONDAY, Dec. 8, at 2 p.m. Close at 8 p.m. Admission: FIVE SHILLINGS.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S DEPARTURE.

Without ceremony and, indeed, almost as a private gentleman, the Duke of Connaught left London on the



A MEMORIAL WINDOW AT SANDHURST.

This window, by Messrs. Bell, of Bristol, was unveiled in the College Chapel at Sandhurst on November 30 by Major-General Barrett. It is to the memory of Lieutenant R. H. C. Coe, of the Royal Lancaster Regiment, who fell on the Tugela Heights, and also in remembrance of his comrades who fell in South Africa. The window was presented by the late Mr. Coe's father and mother.

morning of Nov. 29 charged with the most important mission of his career, that of representing King Edward at the forthcoming Imperial Durbar at Delhi. There will, of course, be pomp and to spare when he and the Duchess arrive in India, so the contrast between the greatness of the errand and the unostentation of the emissary was all the more marked; yet it is characteristically

British that it should be so. The Duke and Duchess travelled by the ordinary eleven o'clock boat train from Victoria, and their Royal Highnesses were sped on their journey by a large and representative assembly of royal personages and personal friends and officials. Prince Arthur of Connaught was absent, being on duty with his regiment; but Princesses Margaret and Patricia represented the family. On the platform were also Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Cambridge, Admiral FitzGeorge, Lord George Hamilton (Secretary of State for India), Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, Mr. Vincent Hill, general manager of the Chatham Railway, and Mr. J. W. Green, station superintendent. A very short time was occupied by leave-taking, for the Duke and Duchess reached the station only five minutes before the starting-time. On the night following their departure, their Royal Highnesses arrived at Genoa, where they embarked on board H.M.S.

*Renown*, which, escorted by the *Hogue* and the *Sutlej*, will carry them to India by way of the Suez Canal. On his journey,

and of the members of the first Council are in themselves a sufficient guarantee that the British Academy will not occupy itself with peddling distinctions on

## THE BRITISH ACADEMY.

At last we are to possess that long talked-of institution, a British Academy. Whether an imitation of a body hitherto regarded as of the French French will appeal forcibly to British feeling, is, of course, matter for speculation, for around the French Academy there has gathered a halo of sentiment with which we in these foggy isles are not apt to invest even our most distinguished savants. It is not, of course, to be expected that we shall emulate that somewhat un-Gallic lack of humour which solemnly hails the occupant of a fauteuil at the Institute as "immortal"; and perhaps this practical trait in our character may be the saving of the British Academy. While it is unlikely that it will embark upon an age-long dictionary—for it has sufficient confidence in the work with which one of the Council, Dr. Murray, has already made great progress—or attempt to fix rules of grammar, it may yet lend great and influential support to learning. The names of the President

minute points, but will justify the avowed object of its existence by efforts on the grand scale "for the promotion of historical, philosophical, and philological studies."



A REGATTA IN RHODESIA.

The British residents near Gwelo have recently enjoyed the novelty of a regatta in Central Africa. A sheet of water, swollen after the rains, suggested to a Mr. Nash the idea of bringing out from England two collapsible sailing-canoes, and with these the amusement was kept up for a whole day. Our photograph is by Mr. G. Duthie, the Director of Education for Rhodesia.



A NEW NEIGHBOUR FOR SHAKSPERE'S BIRTHPLACE: THE SITE OF MR. CARNEGIE'S FREE LIBRARY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The library will be built on the space now occupied by the three cottages on the right of the picture. The dramatist's birthplace is the house just beyond. The Shakespeare trustees had determined to acquire the two nearest houses in order to isolate the historic building and thus lessen the risk of fire. On hearing of this, Mr. Carnegie instructed the Mayor to buy these buildings also.



THE CEDAR WALK, GOPSALL.

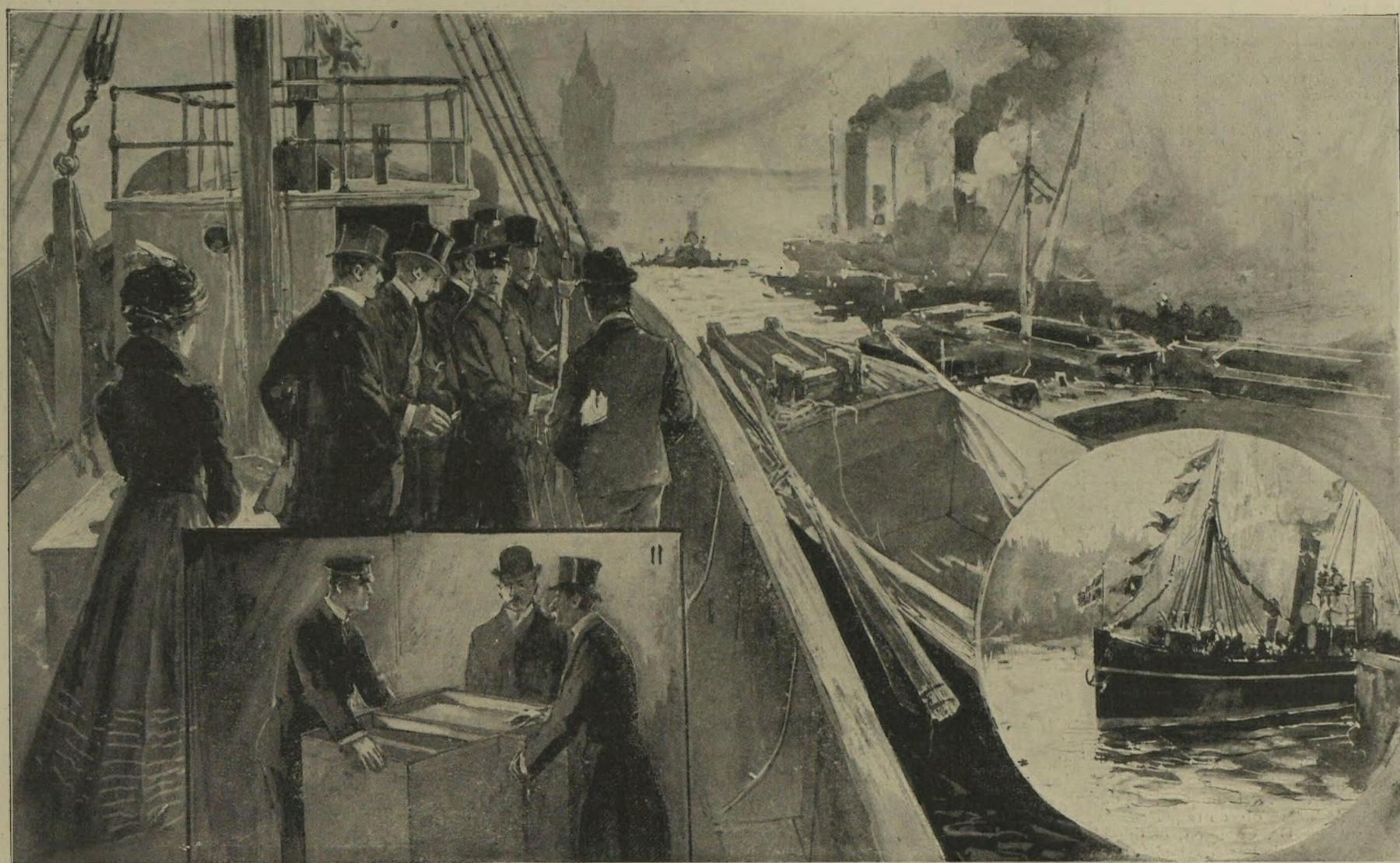
KING EDWARD'S FORTHCOMING VISIT TO GOPSALL HALL, AHERSTONE, THE SEAT OF LORD HOWE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL.

Gopsall Hall, where King Edward stays from December 9 to 12, was built by Jephcott, the friend of Handel. It has a beautiful chapel and splendid grounds, in which is a temple with a statue by Roubiliac.



THE LIBRARY, GOPSALL.



1. ON DECK: AN OFFICER EXPLAINING AN INVENTION FOR FISHING AT ANY GIVEN DEPTH.

2. THE TRAYS IN WHICH THE FISH ARE MEASURED AND MARKED.

3. THE S.S. "HUXLEY" READY FOR SEA.

THE INTERNATIONAL NORTH SEA INVESTIGATIONS: THE INAUGURAL INSPECTION OF THE S.S. "HUXLEY" AT FRESH WHARF, DECEMBER 2.

The "Huxley" is the pioneer of the fleet of specially fitted vessels which it was suggested at the conferences at Stockholm and Christiania should be sent every three months by the various countries on the North Sea to take simultaneous observations of sea life and the physical conditions of the water. She has been purchased through the generosity of a member of the council of the Marine Biological Association, and during her voyage the natural history staff on board will liberate a number of labelled fishes in the British area of the North Sea, with a view to ascertaining with greater certainty the migration of food fishes in those waters.



A LAST TRIBUTE TO A GREAT PREACHER: THE PUBLIC LYING-IN-STATE OF DR. PARKER AT THE CITY TEMPLE.

On December 3 the remains of Dr. Parker lay in state immediately below his own pulpit, while great crowds of mourners passed through the chapel.

## DR. PARKER.

Dr. Parker, whose death occurred on Nov. 28, was undoubtedly one of the greatest pulpit orators of his time, and his dramatic preaching, marked by vivid imagery, and on occasion by exceptional freedom of speech, drew together perhaps the most cosmopolitan congregation in London. Joseph Parker, who was born at Hexham-on-Tyne in 1830, delivered his first sermon as a youth of eighteen, beginning his life-work in a characteristically emphatic manner. "I did not spare the iniquities of the age," he said, speaking of it. "The

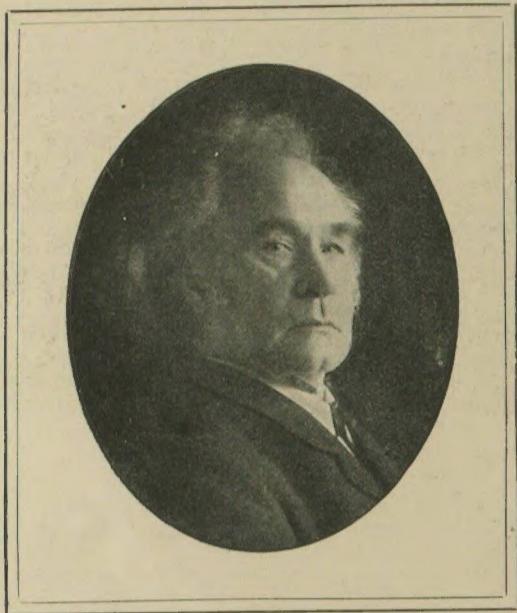


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE REV. J. PARKER, D.D.,  
EMINENT NONCONFORMIST PREACHER.

sermon was necessarily extemporaneous; neither thought nor word had I prepared. I simply knew that the age was corrupt, and, taking the hundred rustics as representative of the total iniquity, I hurled upon them the thunderbolts of outraged Heaven." Studying theology under Dr. Cameron, of the Moorfields Tabernacle, and completing his general education at the London University College, Dr. Parker was ordained pastor, in 1853, and in the same year was appointed independent minister at Banbury, Oxford. Five years later, he went to the Cavendish Street Church, Manchester, leaving it after eleven years actively spent to become pastor of the Poultry Chapel. In 1874 he became minister of the City Temple, with which his name will always be associated. His Thursday noonday services there were a feature of London life, and were always well attended. Dr. Parker was twice married, his second wife helping him greatly in his work, and for a considerable time leading the choir at the City Temple.

It was decided that the remains of the late preacher should lie in state in the City Temple, and accordingly on the evening of Dec. 2 the coffin was quietly removed from Dr. Parker's residence at Hampstead, and conveyed into the chapel by the side entrance. It was then placed on a bier immediately in front of the pulpit from which the divine had for so many years delivered his eloquent discourses. Although Dr. Parker was known to have a great objection to outward symbols of mourning, he did not dislike flowers at funerals, and accordingly the catafalque was entirely surrounded by splendid wreaths. At twelve o'clock on Dec. 3 the Temple was thrown open to the public, and great throngs of mourners passed in orderly procession up the aisles and past the bier, taking farewell of the eminent divine who had exercised such an influence on his generation. The funeral took place on the following day. The Congregational Union has expressed its sympathy with the worshippers in the City Temple and with the surviving members of Dr. Parker's family.

## DR. SVEN HEDIN'S GREAT JOURNEY.

The lion of the winter season will undoubtedly be Dr. Sven Hedin, the celebrated Swedish explorer, who arrives in England in a few days on the conclusion of a remarkable journey in Central Asia which has extended over three years. His first expedition, which lasted from 1893 to 1897, marked a great advance in the knowledge of Central Asian geography, but his last exploit, commenced in 1899 and concluded this year, has, in the Doctor's own words, "yielded results three times as rich as those of the former journey; and in the course of it I have been enabled to lift the veil which for a thousand years had hidden vast stretches of the mountainous and desert regions of the heart of Asia." The photographs we are enabled to publish to-day were taken by the explorer, by whom they were courteously lent to the writer. Leaving Stockholm in June 1899, Dr. Sven Hedin proceeded by the Trans-Caspian Railway to Andijan, from which point he rode on horseback to Kashgar. Proceeding still east, he explored the Tarim River, which he has mapped on one hundred sheets. On the ancient Lob Nor the traveller found a series of magnificent ruins of Chinese and Mongolian origin over eight hundred years old, and of the greatest interest. Among the ruined towns, settlements, and temples on its northern shore, Dr. Sven Hedin unearthed manuscripts and letters dating from 264 A.D. On the same shore of the ancient lake he found unmistakable indications of a great caravan route. Amidst this howling wilderness Dr. Sven Hedin established his headquarters, and was enabled to carry on work which will prove of the highest scientific value. During his three years' wanderings the explorer covered no less than six thousand miles in unknown lands, and visited many places untraversed even by natives. After a series of adventures, Dr. Sven Hedin succeeded in penetrating in disguise to within five days' march of Lhassa, but was discovered and turned back. In the Gobi Desert, he had to march nearly a fortnight without meeting any water. Dr. Sven Hedin has brought back hundreds of maps and four thousand photographs.

by the geographical definitions of treaties and protocols based on uncertain geographical knowledge. For the proper consideration of these the conclusions of exact science were invaluable.

## THE LATE SIR FRANK GREEN, BART.

Alderman Sir Frank Green, who died from acute pneumonia on the morning of Dec. 3, was the founder and senior partner of an eminent firm of paper-merchants. The late alderman was born at Maidstone in 1835,

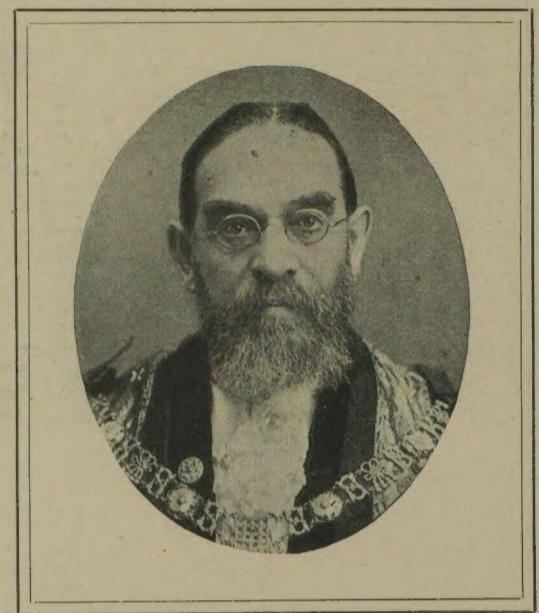


Photo. Ellis and Walery.

THE LATE ALDERMAN SIR FRANK GREEN, BART.,  
EX-LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

and was educated for a business career. In 1878 he entered the Common Council as the representative of Vintry Ward, and in 1891 became a member of the Court of Aldermen. After holding various civic offices, he was elected Sheriff in 1897, and from 1900 to 1901 he held the supreme magistracy. During his Mayoralty it fell to him to make the public announcement of the death of Queen Victoria and to offer the City's congratulations to King Edward on his Accession.

## THE CHILE-ARGENTINA BOUNDARY.

King Edward has now issued his award in the Chile-Argentina Boundary Arbitration in terms of which, while Chile gets the most land, Argentina receives the best. The decision has been received coldly. The question was inquired into on the spot by a Commission under Sir T. Holdich. The Commissioners left England last spring, and before the South American mid-winter had absolutely closed the passes of the Southern Andes, they had effected a complete examination of the whole disputed area between latitude 40 deg. south and 52 deg. south. To the work of previous pioneers Sir Thomas Holdich expresses his deep debt of gratitude, especially to Señor Bertrand and Dr. Hans Steffen. He also acknowledges his obligation to the eminent man of science, Dr. F. P. Moreno, who has for several years been investigating the upland grass valleys of the Andes as well as the broad surfaces of the Southern Argentine pampas in the interests of science and of future economic development. His energy and experience have contributed largely to the success of the enterprise. The Commission was confronted with extraordinary difficulties presented

The comparative, if not utter, worthlessness of the Somali levies would seem to be proved by recent despatches, which declare that during the march to Bohotle the spearmen in charge of the camels belonging to the Maxim detachment ran away, while on arrival at Bohotle the natives attempted to raid the rice stores. The rate of mortality in the Bohotle garrison has been very high, one death a day being the average for the past three weeks. On Nov. 21 the flying column left Bohotle for Garrero, taking with them a hundred and fifty sick. General Manning and his staff returned to Berbera. Colonel Cobbe is due back in Bohotle on Dec. 12, when he will proceed to Balmao, in order to make a closer study of the position occupied by the enemy. In a telegram from Aden, dated Nov. 30, it was stated on the authority of the correspondent of the *Morning Post* that the military authorities at Aden were agreed that "the season is past for a vigorous prosecution of the campaign in Somaliland," and that the general advance would not take place until August. Later news puts it at the middle of January. With regard to the photographs we publish this week, the letter accompanying them says: "I may mention that all the officers' quarters are of the same primitive description as the Hospital hut." This, it will be remembered, we illustrated in our last issue.

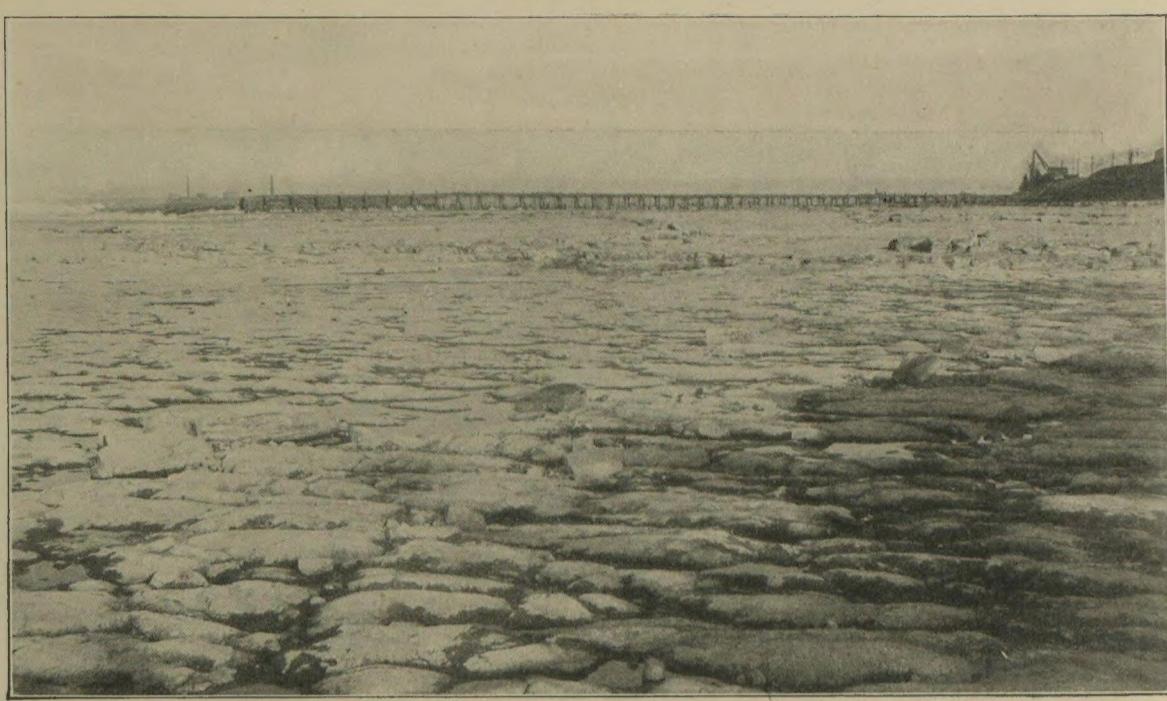


THE SCENE OF THE FORTHCOMING IMPERIAL DURBAR: A GENERAL VIEW OF DELHI.

*Delhi, famous as the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire, has also played a prominent part in the history of British India. The present city was founded in 1637 by Shah Jahan. During the Mutiny it sustained a tremendous siege. There Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress, and there, on January 1, 1903, King Edward will be proclaimed Emperor in the presence of the Duke of Connaught and the native rulers at the second Imperial Durbar.*



THE GREAT WHEEL-PIT ON THE CANADIAN SIDE.



A RESULT OF THE WORKS: THE BED OF NIAGARA RIVER EXPOSED TO VIEW FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Photos: Dunlap.

HARNESSING NIAGARA: PREPARATIONS FOR THE GREAT POWER-STATION INAUGURATED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS COLONIAL TOUR.

Two great companies are preparing to divert part of the water on the Canadian Horseshoe Fall to drive several tremendous power-producing turbines. The electro-motive force will be developed from the river by means of a wheel-pit and tunnel. We show the pit on the Canadian side in course of construction. It measures 480 ft. by 21 ft. and 170 ft. deep, and is cut out of solid limestone rock. In it will be placed turbines capable of developing 100,000-horse power. The diversion of the river by a coffer-dam has laid bare the bed for the first time in the history of man, and the unwonted spectacle has drawn crowds of sightseers.

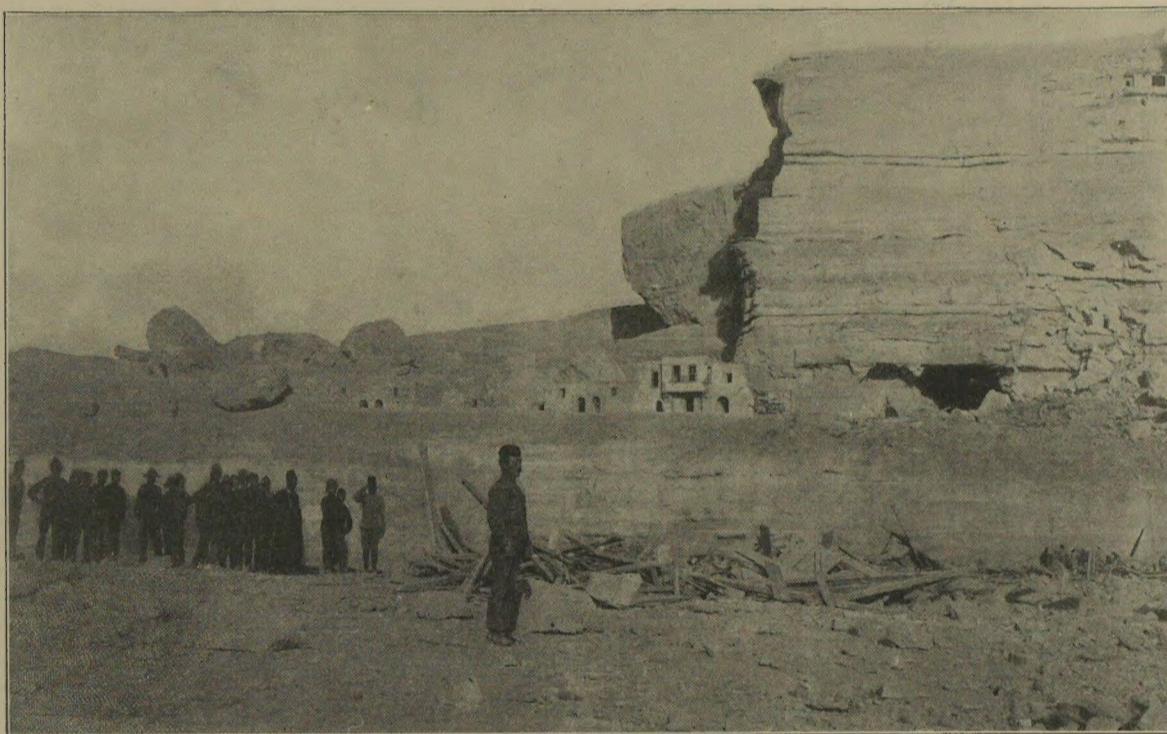
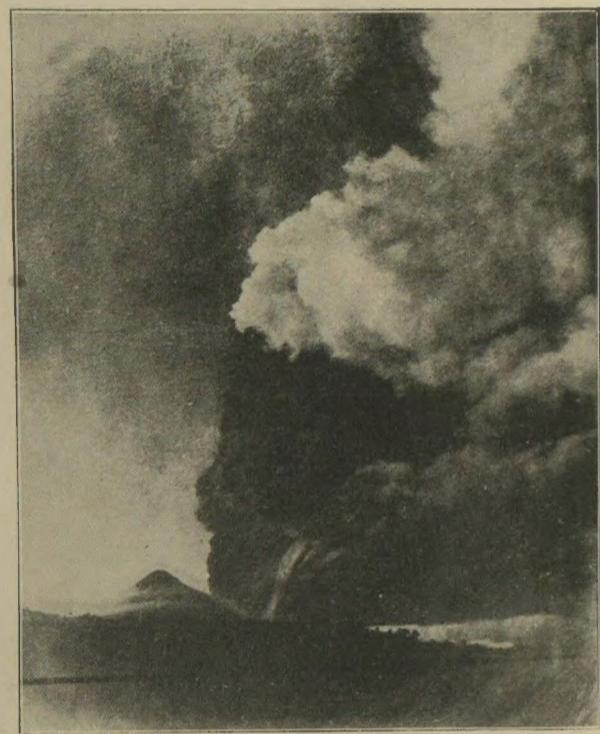


Photo. Henderson.

THE POWDER-MAGAZINE EXPLOSION AT CAIRO, NOVEMBER 19.

The magazine was in a cave in the Mokattam Hills behind the Citadel. The whole face of the cliff was blown to pieces, and the plain in front was strewn with huge fragments for a distance of 350 yards. The cause of the explosion, which cost eleven lives, is unknown. The small arms ammunition store had a narrow escape.



THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN GUATEMALA.

The peak Santa Maria, near Quetzaltenango, is about 12,000 ft. high. The first eruption began on October 24 at 5 p.m. Great loss of life was reported.

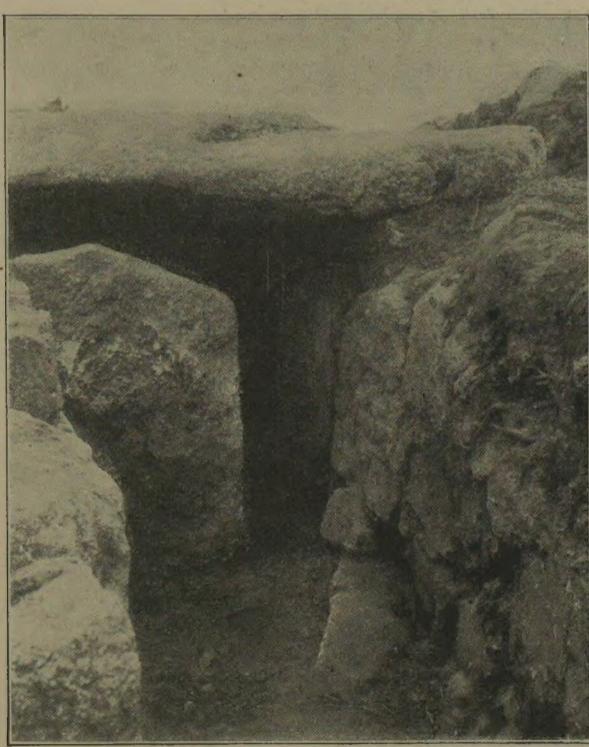


Photo. King.

A WORK OF PREHISTORIC MAN: A BARROW RECENTLY OPENED IN THE SCILLY ISLES.  
This tomb has been examined by Mr. George Bonnor, who pronounced it to be the finest in the West of England.

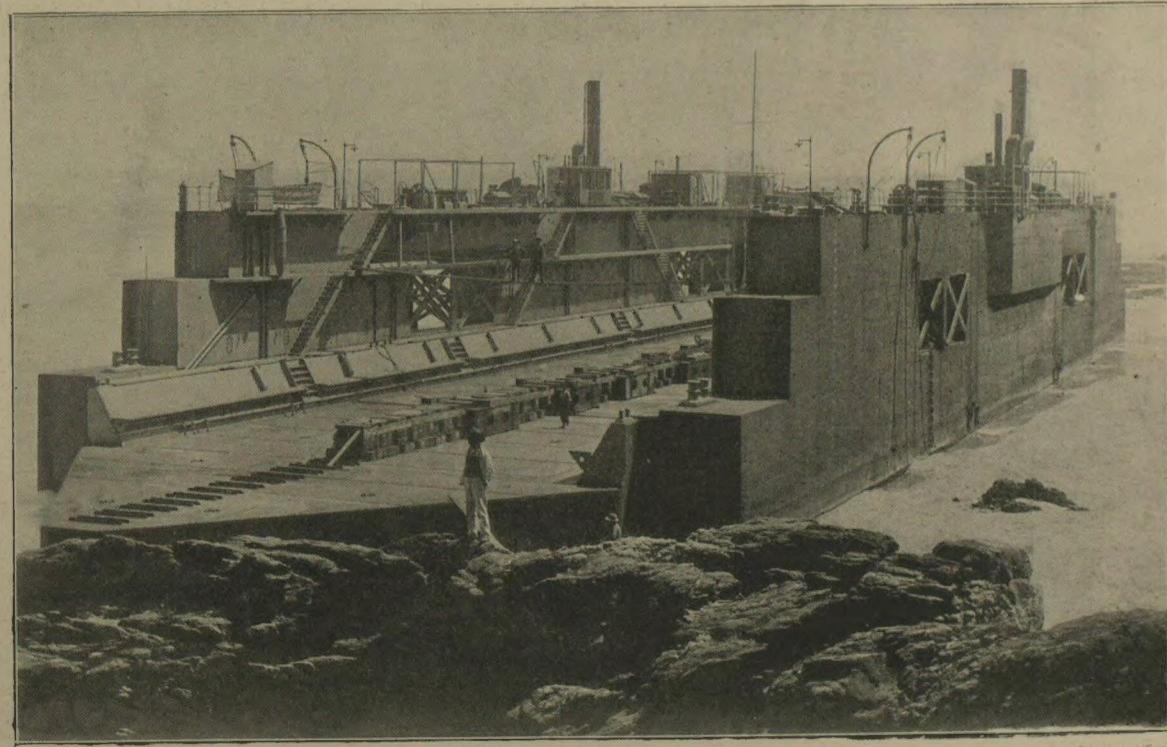


Photo. Jefferys.

A DRY DOCK IN DIFFICULTIES: THE STRANDING OF THE NATAL DRY DOCK AT MOSEL BAY.

The Natal dry dock, which was built in England, and which was being towed out to its permanent station in South Africa, was driven ashore by the great gale at Mossel Bay, on the coast of Cape Colony. The structure, which is valued at £75,000, left the Tyne last September towed by the steam-ship "Baralong."

THE PRODUCTION OF "THE UNFORESEEN" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, DECEMBER 2.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, DEC. 6, 1902.—856



REV. WALTER MAXWELL  
(Mr. Cyril Maude).

MARGARET FIELDING  
(Miss Evelyn Millard).

CAPTAIN RICHARD HAYNES  
(Mr. Allan Aynesworth).

CAPTAIN ROBERT MARSHALL'S NEW PLAY: SCENE FROM ACT III.—THE LIBRARY AT THE VICARAGE.

# MARISKA AND THE GARDEN-BOY.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville.

MARISKA was the youngest of the Schloss kitchen-maids and a very pretty girl. Though a Slav, as are most of the peasantry in this particular part of Hungary, her outward appearance seemed to belie her nationality. Her pink and white face, to begin with, instead of being long and narrow, with pointed features and melancholy eyes, was actually round; her lips curved upwards instead of downwards, as did the tip of her little impudent nose.

On week-days, Mariska wore a short linen jacket with embroidered sleeves, a gaily beflowered bodice, and a short petticoat of closely pleated unbleached linen under her blue cotton apron. A yellow kerchief tilted coquettishly over her dancing black eyes completed a costume which, if somewhat scanty, was eminently practical and comfortable. On Sundays, Mariska could be as fine as anybody: she could don at least six petticoats under a smart cloth skirt; her bodice was made of scraps of the Chatelaine's drawing-room curtains—yellow brocade that had come all the way from England—and her little top-boots were polished till you could almost see yourself in them. Like the foal of nursery lore, Mariska's feet went bare on weekdays; and very pretty feet they were, as brown as the sun could make them, but slim and shapely and arched under the instep. Sundays and weekdays alike, Mariska always wore a little nosegay peeping out from the saffron folds of the handkerchief that, besides protecting the head, covered up the pretty round throat; the arrangement, indeed, of this article of wearing apparel was a triumph of coquettish art, and the adjustment of the nosegay was the culminating touch. Sometimes the sight of it made the Chatelaine smile: she knew very well that Mariska had a sweetheart, for she had often heard masculine tones outside the barred window of the ground-floor room which Mariska shared with her comrade Marinka, while Thekla, the cook, snored noisily next door. The Chatelaine, I say, had often heard a male voice in this particular neighbourhood, and not infrequently two male voices, for Marinka had also a sweetheart. Sometimes, on opening her window, she had caught sight of white shirt-sleeves and the silhouette of a plumed hat, accompanied by the smell of tobacco—for your Slavonian gallant smokes even when he is courting. She had smiled to herself on these occasions, a tolerating smile—sometimes even a sympathetic one, for she had a romantic soul. The only thing that troubled her was the fact that the grass—always difficult to grow in Hungary—was at this particular point completely worn away.

It was on the night of the harvest dance; however, that she first identified Mariska's lover. It was no other than Ludwig, the garden-boy.

Ludwig was not the gardener proper—he was a very fine personage, next in importance to the under-

agent and the bailiff; a personage who was not to be encountered every day, and an interview with whom was a somewhat ceremonious affair; while Ludwig might be seen here, there, and everywhere as long as the summer daylight lasted. Now at the end of a shady green vista, heading a troop of bare-footed women armed with rake or hoe; now making a sunlit arch of himself against a background of evergreens as he stooped to weed; now waiting, like a young Mercury, to fly on an errand for the powers that were. He was not unlike a Mercury, this goodly youth, so tall and lissom and graceful was he, so swift in his movements, so statuesque in his features. Worthy of Mercury, too, was the speed with which he accomplished an errand—notes are generally dispatched by hand in this

part of the world—and Ludwig was not only the bearer of important letters, but could even be trusted to deliver a verbal message with as much intelligence as promptitude. While daylight lasted, Ludwig was ready to fly anywhere for the service of his Gracious Lady; but after nightfall—no, it was best to remain at home. Once he had a fierce altercation with no less a person than the Herr Inspector of the estate, who had wished to send him some distance after sunset; and though the Gracious Gentleman grew angry and swore a variety of complicated oaths in Slavonian and German, though he even brought out the passion which he seemed to keep handy for such emergencies, assuming it and putting it by at a moment's notice, it had no effect whatever on the recalcitrant

Ludwig. After dusk he would not traverse the wood: there were spirits there, and he would not encounter spirits for all the gold in Hungary. Finding wrath and remonstrances equally unavailing, the Herr Inspector had conceded the point, and Ludwig had had his own way, as was usually the case.

When he and Mariska danced the Csárdás together on the ground in front of the Schloss, they were the handsomest couple there. That was on the night of the harvest feast. No prettier sight could be imagined than the procession of reapers that came dancing up the avenue on the evening in question. The sun was just setting, and the long line of rapidly advancing figures, each in gala dress, each swaying, galloping, twirling, as the fancy seized him, was outlined against the glowing sky with fantastic effect.

First came some fifty children, singing and shouting as they capered along; then the young men, prancing in twos and threes, with arms interlaced and hands resting on each other's shoulders, then a more decorous troop of maidens and young married women, followed by a promiscuous crowd. The music brought up the rear, valiantly tooting and squeaking.

As the procession drew near the spot where the Chatelaine and her guests awaited its approach, it parted in the middle, and three very tall young men advanced. These were clad in particularly brilliant apparel and crowned with large conical diadems of corn and flowers.

The spokesman of the party stepped forward, and after kissing the Chatelaine's hand, made a fluent speech and ceremoniously presented her with his crown; a second being bestowed upon one of the guests, while the third became the property of the bailiff. The musicians now took up their position, and struck up the first long-drawn notes of the Lassú, or slow movement of the Csárdás, and the young men, with their gaily decorated hats knowingly cocked, a cigar or cigarette protruding from their lips, stepped forward into the arena, and casting a careless glance round the circle of expectant fair ones, beckoned condescendingly, each to the damsel highest in his favour. She, good,



He and Mariska danced the Csárdás together.

docile little soul, trotted merrily forward and began to foot it forthwith. Seldom during the progress of the dance does the Slovák gallant find time to bestow word or look upon his partner; even when in the Friss, or quick movement of the Csárdás, she breaks away from him and performs astonishing gymnastics on her own account, he remains negligently swaying and puffing out clouds of smoke until she returns to him. To her falls the most active and intricate part of the performance; her twirls and leaps and capers somewhat resemble those formerly in vogue among the ladies of the ballet, and it is still the pride and glory of the Slav maiden to don as many petticoats on holiday occasions as the danseuse of bygone days.

Ludwig had at once summoned Mariska, and no one who saw the pair dancing together could doubt that they were lovers. Unlike the rest of the magnificent youths, Ludwig looked unutterable things as he and his partner swayed together; he caught her with deft tenderness when she turned giddy after prolonged twirling; he pursued her when she eluded him; he watched her unceasingly; he murmured words into the little brown ear that peeped out from beneath the new silk kerchief—he was, in a word, too much in earnest to disguise his passion.

It was when the sun had disappeared behind the distant blue peaks and even the afterglow had vanished, that sounds of voices, raised in sudden altercation, fell upon the Chatelaine's ear. Two tall men's figures stood on either side of a small and slender one, which presently emitted plaintive tones—tones that were recognisable as Mariska's. Peering into the dusk, the lady identified the two disputants—István, the Hausknecht, whose particularly magnificent attire had already attracted the eyes of all the maidens that evening, and Ludwig, the handsome garden-boy. Ludwig was very fine, too, but not so fine as István. His canvas trousers were of the newest and the loosest, but they were only made of rough homespun, such as might be seen any day drying in a cottage-yard; whereas István's nether limbs were encased in cloth breeches, padded so that they looked like bolsters.

The two were quarrelling now for Mariska's companionship during the dance. István was sure he had beckoned to her first; Ludwig was equally certain she had responded to his summons. Mariska looked coquettishly from one to the other, shrugging her shoulders in feigned bewilderment; finally, as though struck by a sudden inspiration, she declared that she would dance with both. Each pleaded eagerly for the first turn, but with an arch glance over her shoulder at the garden-boy, she suffered István to lead her away. It may have been the Hausknecht's superior social position, or it may have been the attraction of those magnificent columns of legs, or again it may have been sheer mischievousness on her part, but she certainly did seem to give a somewhat unfair preference to István.

Ludwig stood for a moment where she had left him with his head thrown back and his hands clenched; then breaking into the circle of dancers, he seized a goitred village heiress, who happened to be standing out, and whirled her into the mazes.

By-and-by Mariska's pretty head might be seen turning this way and that, while István hammered and swayed at her side, and presently she too drew apart to rest; but Ludwig pranced past her in apparent unconsciousness of her proximity.

Not once during the remainder of the evening did he so much as glance in her direction; not even to bid farewell when, darkness having fallen completely, the whole band marched away to the sound of the Rakoczy to continue the ball at the village inn.

Though the distant strains of music floated occasionally to the Chatelaine's ear that night, there was no serenading of Mariska under her window, no low-pitched male voice, no tell-tale whiffs of cigar-smoke. All was silent save for a little sound that now and then broke the stillness, a sound which might or might not have been a sob.

Next morning, on descending to the kitchen according to her custom, shortly after dawn, the Chatelaine observed that the pretty little maid did indeed look pale and heavy-eyed, and that the usual nosegay was absent. A little later in the day, when making her way to the garden, she met Ludwig swinging along, with a wooden tray of freshly gathered fruit. At sight of her he deposited this on the ground, stooped with his usual proud, quick gesture to kiss her hand, and was gone before she had time to speak. She glanced furtively after him: he was now about to meet his recreant sweetheart—surely the signs of her recent anguish would touch his heart, and he would forgive her!

But every line of the stalwart young figure was rigid and uncompromising; he rounded the corner, and in another moment reappeared, overtaking the lady on the garden-path so speedily that it was impossible he could have exchanged a word with Mariska. Poor Mariska! She sang no more as she went about her work, and the very patter of her little feet as she trotted to and from the well sounded mournful. The Hausknecht, or, as the Chatelaine sometimes called him, "Boots," offered to carry her pail for her more than once, but she refused, pertinaciously clutching the handle, and shaking her head. She did not want Boots—and nobody brought her any more nosegays.

One day, however, about a week after the harvest dance, one of the Chatelaine's visitors was surprised and pleased to meet Mariska tripping gaily along the path which led through the shrubberies to the garden, humming a blithe little song as she went, and looking quite like her old self. She came forward, indeed, and not only kissed the lady's hand, but made remarks about her silk blouse, and satisfied herself as to its texture. Then she pattered away, her bare feet twinkling merrily in time to her song. Pondering on this sudden change, the lady pursued her way, walking slowly and looking about her at the green leafage overhead, the delicate silvery trunks of the birches, and the ruddier glow of the sun-kissed pines. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a curiously bright object nestling at the foot of one of the trees.

Turning aside from the path, she stooped to investigate it—a large cob of kukurutz or Indian corn, not partially ripened, as would have been natural at this season, but of a uniform golden yellow. On taking it up she uttered an amused laugh: the kukurutz was quite hot—it had, in fact, evidently been recently boiled, and had probably been laid intentionally in its lurking-place.

After carefully restoring it, the lady strolled on, being not at all surprised to encounter at a turn in the path the advancing figure of Ludwig. On her return to the house she was pleased to observe that the love-token was gone; but chancing to pass Mariska at the well, was somewhat disappointed to find her once more serious and abstracted, and, moreover, flowerless as ever.

"I don't know how it is," said the Chatelaine a day or two later, "that Thekla has got so stingy with her kukurutz—she has not sent more than three or four the last day or two."

"Nobody eats them," said the Herr Inspector, with a reproachful glance at the English Herrschaften, as he selected a particularly massive specimen.

They had, indeed, found themselves unable to appreciate these Hungarian delicacies, a fact which they deplored, for the long cones looked delicious, coming up, as they did, smoking hot, in a snowy napkin; the light-brown baked ones nestling in the middle and contrasting with the softer gold of the boiled ones by which they were surrounded.

Earlier that afternoon the lady before alluded to had come across Ludwig nibbling one as yellow as these; evidently he liked his kukurutz boiled.

"I eat them," said the Chatelaine, pausing in the act of lifting one of the dainties in question to her lips, and holding it, according to the prescribed fashion, in both hands. "Besides," she added, after pecking off several of the golden grains, "besides, I do not like to see a half-empty dish coming to table."

"Well," said the Inspector, "we must speak to the gardener about it—or it is perhaps Thekla who is in fault."

Vincens, the butler, a decorous and impenetrable person, arrived at that moment with the trayful of tumblers of water, which is the final adjunct of every Hungarian repast. He was questioned on the point, and could give no information. He withdrew, however, to make further inquiries, and returned with the announcement that Thekla had desired Mariska to cook all the kukurutz which the gardener had sent in.

"How many did the gardener send in?" asked the Chatelaine, once more pausing in her nibbling; but Vincens clearly could not be expected to interest himself in an insignificant detail of the kind; and after replying, "That I do not know," in a tone of dignified protest, he retired and did not reappear.

The little incident was forgotten until a subsequent occurrence recalled it. The midday dinner had taken place, as usual, under the great elm. It was overpoweringly hot elsewhere, but there, under those thick green boughs, a sweet, light air played refreshingly about the diners' faces. The golden wine in the tall bottles had, like the siphons, been just taken off the ice, and the spritzas were in consequence particularly refreshing. Thekla, too, had surpassed herself: the roe-deer venison, braised in cream, had been done to a turn; the partridges, with their accompanying lentils, were perfect; the dish of "niggers in nightshirts," a fascinating combination of chocolate and iced cream, was a very *chef d'œuvre*. The trayful of grapes, green, yellow, and red, had just been handed round, each bunch encased in a paper wrapper matching its colour, upon which the name of the vine was neatly printed; Vincens had dispatched Marzi to the house to fetch the water-melon which the Herr Inspector had brought back from Tyrnau—the whole combination of circumstances, in fact, was of the most pleasant and harmonious order, when a sudden note of discord was unexpectedly introduced. This by no other person than Marzi, one of Vincens' underlings, the mildest and most inoffensive of men, but who on this occasion wore an aspect of dismay, tempered by just wrath, as he came hastily down the sloping path, almost breaking into an indecorous run on nearing the dining-place.

Vincens, ever calm and judicial, reminded him of his error by throwing out an admonitory hand, and Marzi changed his pace, but not his expression. When he came close enough, the major-domo inclined his ear, listened to Marzi's tale without relaxing a muscle, and finally stalked over to his mistress.

"There is no water-melon," he announced, with his usual impassive gloom; "and Thekla, the cook, wishes to speak to the hochgeborne Frau for a moment if convenient."

"No water-melon," the Herr Inspector swore his favourite complicated oath in a staccato *sotto-voce*. Had he not himself brought it back from Tyrnau, and had they not left a good half of it yesterday, which had by his directions been placed upon the ice?

"There is no water-melon," repeated Vincens, without the variation of a semi-tone, "and the cook wishes to speak immediately to the highborn lady."

"Tell her to come here, then," said the Chatelaine, with a little shrug of the shoulders. "I really cannot go in until I have had my coffee. But what can have become of the water-melon?" she added, much puzzled and not a little disappointed, for she had been looking forward to her share of the deliciously cold and juicy pulp. During the expectant pause that ensued, a light rustle amid the adjacent shrubberies was heard, and the garden-boy was observed threading his way through them and proceeding down the path that led to the plane-trees with his usual springy gait. Something about this gait reminded the Chatelaine's guest of certain footprints which she had noted in the early morning in the path that led from the kitchen to the garden. It had rained the night before, and the track was moist and soft, in the shadow of the trees, taking the exact imprint of a very well-formed foot. She remembered noticing that the toes and heel of this foot had evidently alone come in contact with the ground, the untouched space in the middle denoting the arch of a high instep. As the

garden-boy now swung past, his white garments positively seeming to radiate sunshine, she glanced down at the bare feet which showed beneath the fringed trousers. She had once thought that Mercury might have had such a form as the garden-boy's, and she had now no doubt whatever that the winged feet which clove the fiery clouds must have been shaped just like these.

Other feet were now heard descending the incline: the stern, heavy tread of Justice as exemplified by Thekla, and—yes—other feet too, small reluctant feet that advanced with an unwilling, almost noiseless pitter-patter—Mariska's feet, in fact; and here was Mariska herself, her small shrinking form propelled by the ruthless Thekla.

Thekla's little black eyes positively glittered; her large, wide nostrils were inflated till they resembled those of a broken-winded horse; her whole aspect betokened the very height of outraged dignity. Designating the offender with a wave of her hand, she poured forth her tale of wrath and woe: "The hochgeborne Frau would never credit it; she, Thekla, could hardly bring herself to believe it. She had no doubt had suspicions for some time; but still, Gott im Himmel! that anyone could be so shameless. She, that girl there, Mariska, the Little Thief! in a crescendo of wrath, had actually dared, not only to steal the hochgeborne Frau's kukurutz day after day with the most barefaced audacity, but to-day, this very day, she had actually laid hands upon the Herr Inspector's water-melon. Let her not attempt to deny it: she had been sent into the larder to lay it upon fresh ice; she had been seen to go in with the melon, and then, if the hochgeborne Frau would believe it, she must have eaten it!"

"Nia!" gasped Mariska.

Thekla thereupon turned upon her with a torrent of indignant Slavonian. Where was the melon, then? Let her answer that! When Thekla had gone to the larder it was not there—this in a parenthesis of Bohemian German. The Chatelaine looked pained and displeased; the Herr Inspector promptly produced his pocket-passion, red-hot and ready for immediate use, his uplifted tone dominating Thekla's own. Vincens stood at a little distance with his thumbs in his waistcoat-pocket and his head on one side; Marzi supported him, his face wearing a scandalised expression; and little Mariska sobbed on, large round tears chasing each other over her pretty pale face, and uttered little moans at intervals, and asseverated, "Nia, nia!" in a choked voice.

In the midst of this scene a sudden shadow fell upon the grass, and the figure of the garden-boy passed in front of Thekla. He had removed his round hat and made for the Chatelaine, whose hand he kissed; then straightening himself and looking round upon the assembled company, he said loudly and distinctly—

"Mighty lady, I ate the water-melon."

"You?" said the Chatelaine in astonishment.

The Herr Inspector began to swear in Slav for the benefit of the garden-boy, but the latter calmly repeated his assertion. Thekla, mingling the two languages with much speed and dexterity, her eyes seeming ready to jump out of her head the while, roundly declared that he was a liar. How was it possible, she would ask the hochgeborne Frau, that a carl like that should make his way into her larder—her larder of which she took good care to keep the key—unless, indeed, when, being in a hurry, she sometimes was foolish enough to entrust it to Mariska? Besides, was there not already sufficient proof that the little good-for-nothing was dishonestly inclined? Who, pray, had made away with the mighty lady's kukurutz if it was not she?

"I took the kukurutz, too," announced the garden-boy firmly. The Chatelaine looked from one to the other. Ludwig was holding up his head defiantly; he did not even glance at Mariska, though the latter's soft dark eyes were peeping at him from under their long wet eyelashes. A dimple, too, was coming and going about her lip; one would have said that the ghost of a smile was there, had it not been that when she met the Chatelaine's eye her whole form was shaken by such a very big sob. The lady looked next at the Herr Inspector, who had put away his passion, and was now surveying the couple placidly, and rolling his head from side to side; then she nodded her head meaningly. She might, indeed, have smiled had it not been for the presence of Thekla, every line of whose implacable person seemed to cry aloud for vengeance.

"You did very well," said the Chatelaine, composing her features, "to let me know of this at once, Thekla; I am glad to think I have so honest and trustworthy a servant. As for you, Mariska"—in tones of would-be severity somewhat belied by the kindly interest in the eyes—"as to you, Mariska, understand that you must take nothing from the larder without permission; *nothing*, do you hear? No matter how strongly you may be tempted. You must leave my kukurutz alone, and on no account touch the Herr Inspector's water-melons. Ludwig, you can go back to your work. If you really ate those things"—with emphasis—"you were right to come and confess it."

"But, Gracious Lady," interrupted Thekla.

"There. Let there be an end of it," said the Gracious Lady, somewhat impatiently; "you did right to report the matter to me, and you had better perhaps keep your keys to yourself in future. Now we want our coffee."

Thekla kissed her mistress's hand and withdrew but half-satisfied; Ludwig did the same, more humbly than usual it seemed. As he raised his handsome dark head his eyes met those of Mariska, who was advancing in her turn, and rested on them for a moment. Then he was gone, and Mariska, coming forward, dropped upon her knees with many inarticulate protests and promises, her happy little face the while a mixture of smiles and tears.

That night there was a murmur of voices once more under the Chatelaine's window, and looking out she saw the silhouette of a white-clad form crouching in the moonlight. Next morning Mariska's sweet shrill little voice was heard gleefully piping, and when she went to fill her pails at the well she wore a bunch of roses and mignonette in the folds of her kerchief.

RECENT EXPLORATION IN CENTRAL ASIA: DR. SVEN HEDIN'S ATTEMPT TO REACH LHASSA IN DISGUISE.



PART OF DR. SVEN HEDIN'S CARAVAN.

DR. SVEN HEDIN EXPLORING THE TARIM RIVER IN HIS GREAT FERRY-BOAT.  
DR. SVEN HEDIN'S STARTING-PLACE FOR HIS LONGEST JOURNEY:  
THE CAMP AT CHARKHLIK.

DR. SVEN HEDIN.  
TIBETAN BOYS.

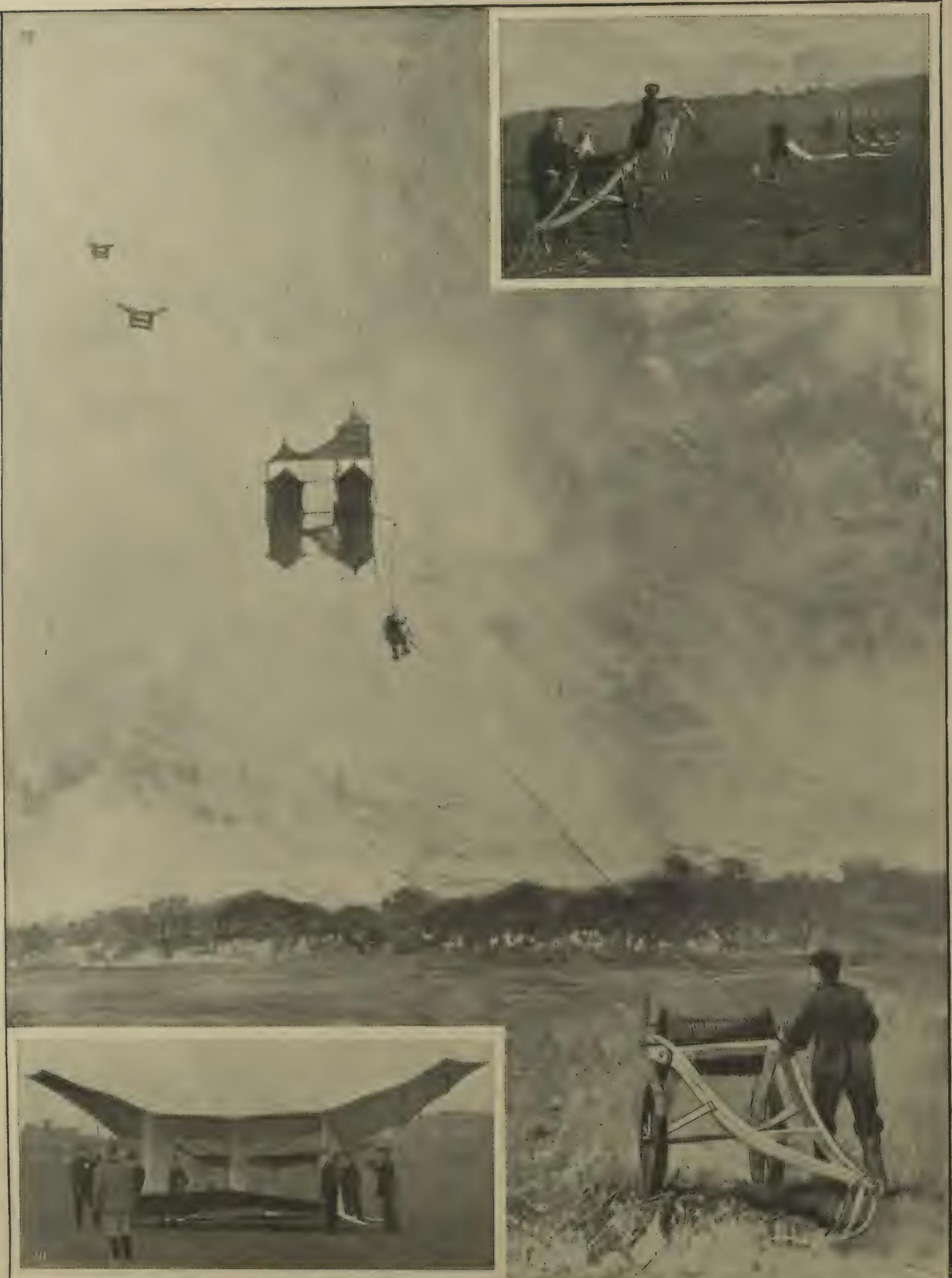
ANCIENT TEMPLE CITY DISCOVERED BY DR. SVEN HEDIN NEAR LOB NOR.

THE CARAVAN ON THE ROAD TO KASHGAR.  
A TIBETAN BEAR SHOT BY DR. SVEN HEDIN'S COSSACKS.

*On December 8, Dr. Sven Hedin lectures before the Royal Geographical Society on his recent Asiatic travels.*

## A RIVAL TO THE BALLOON: THE KITE IN WARFARE.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. S. F. CODY.



1. PLACING KITES IN POSITION FOR A GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT.

2. THE KITES IN THE AIR, AND THE SPECIAL WINDING APPARATUS.

3. THE KITE READY FOR AN ASCENT.

MR. S. F. CODY EXPERIMENTING WITH HIS WAR-KITES.

*Mr. S. F. Cody is seeking to demonstrate the superiority of the kite over the balloon in warfare by reason of its extreme portability. His kite, or series of kites, which is entirely his own invention, has pulled several men up the side of a mountain otherwise unscalable, and enables the passenger to mount walls and other obstacles. The winding apparatus was specially invented by Mr. Cody.*

NEW ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



THE WEST AFRICAN BLACK-CHEEKED MONKEY.



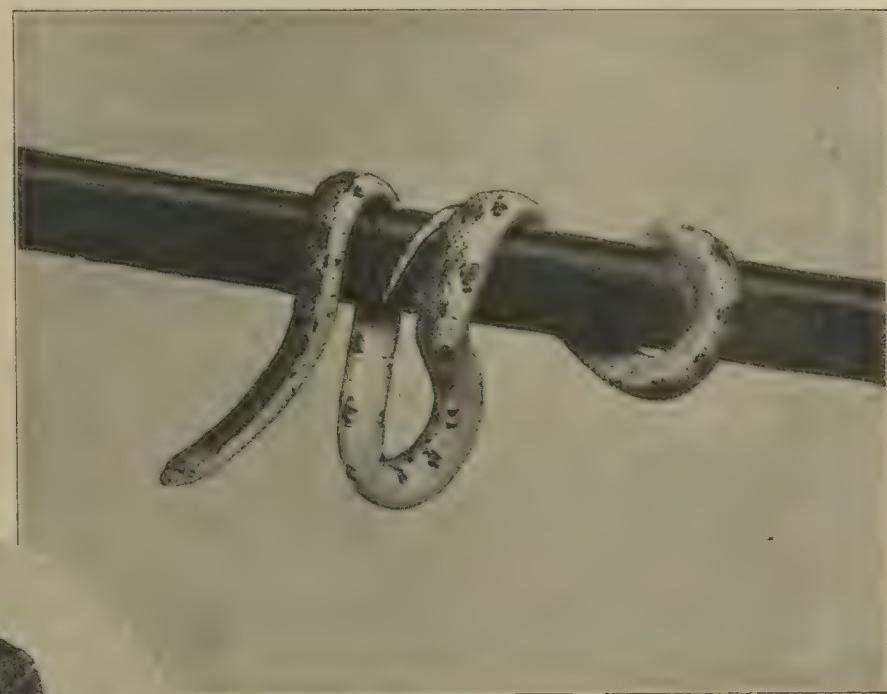
THE FRINGED GECKO FROM MADAGASCAR.



THE INDIAN MACAQUE.



THE ROBBEN ISLAND SNAKE, SOUTH AFRICA.



THE MEXICAN BULL SNAKE.



GOULD'S MONITOR, FROM AUSTRALIA.

THE  
TIGRINE FROG,  
COMMONLY  
CALLED  
THE INDIAN  
BULL FROG,  
CAPABLE  
OF KILLING  
A RAT.



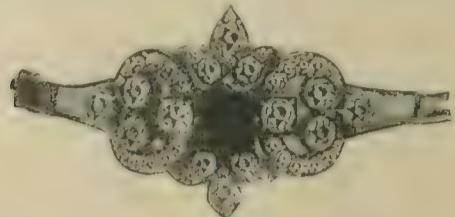
THE LAND IGUANA FROM THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.

*The land iguana from the Galapagos Islands differs from most of its kind by forming burrows in the ground. The Indian macaque is remarkable for its curious coloration, and might, on a casual glance, be mistaken for an albino.*

## LADIES' PAGES.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Messrs. J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond Street, and Ludgate Hill, have put forth an enticing illustrated catalogue under the title of "Rich and Artistic Jewellery." They were the first jewellers to adapt to the supply of the more costly articles the *Times* system of gradual payment; so that expensive necklets, tiaras, and brooches can now be purchased and paid for at leisure, the first payment being made on the delivery of the goods. This



EMERALD AND BRILLIANT BRACELET.

Messrs. J. W. Benson.

year Messrs. Benson have introduced for their Christmas and New Year gifts two new specialities—namely, emeralds cut Indian fashion and set round with diamonds, and Indian rubies, which form charming ornaments at moderate cost. The Indian ruby and diamond brooches begin at two pounds ten upwards. A feature of this is that the ruby is the special stone for the month of December, and so it is particularly applicable for using in Christmas gifts. This new series of ornaments is called the "Delhi Durbar" jewellery. From these smaller pieces the purchaser may range up to diamonds, pearls,



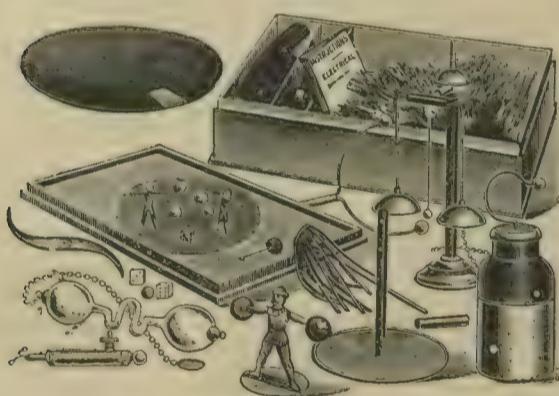
HOLLY BROOCH.

TURQUOISE AND DIAMOND BROOCH.

Messrs. J. W. Benson.

emeralds, and rubies of the highest value. Presents for gentlemen are equally available in large quantity: pins, studs, links, and buttons are all to be had in variety. We illustrate a dainty little "holly" brooch; and, as specimens of the finer ware, may be seen a turquoise and diamond brooch, and a bracelet of brilliants with emerald centre.

Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, 54 to 62, Oxford Street, besides their great stock of various fancy goods, make a point each year of offering some scientific entertainment for the more intellectual elder boys and girls. This year they put forth an interesting cabinet of this description at a much



THE "THALES" ELECTRICAL CABINET.—Messrs. Parkins and Gotto.

lower price than has ever before been attempted for a box of the kind. It is called the "Thales" Electrical Cabinet, and, at the low price of 18s. 6d., enables a number of most effective experiments to be performed with electricity. The booklet which goes with it gives full details of how to do the various experiments. Our illustration can but imperfectly indicate the variety of the amusement and instruction supplied in this cabinet.

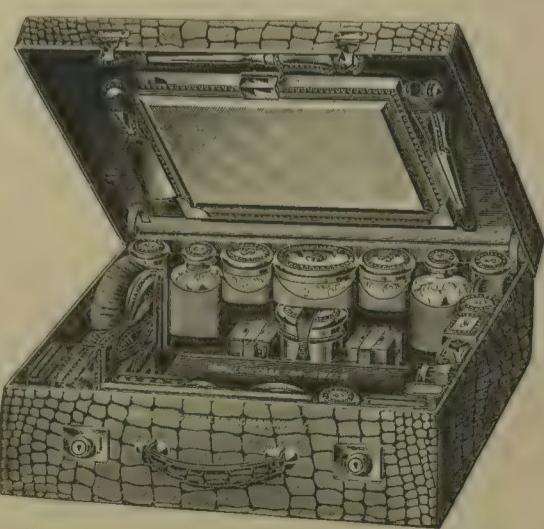
Quite one of the sights of London are Messrs. Hedges and Butler's magnificent cellars, which extend far under Regent Street from their premises, 155, Regent Street. Here every kind of wine is kept and matured, under the best conditions. How high is their standard may be inferred from the fact that they were for many years wine-merchants to her late Majesty, and have received a similar appointment to King Edward VII. There is no form of alcoholic beverage which Messrs. Hedges and Butler are not prepared to supply at the most favourable market prices for thoroughly reliable and excellent quality.

For a truly useful present combined with good taste one cannot go far wrong in any department at Messrs. Hamptons, Pall Mall East. An excellent gift would be a novel and useful chair, which can be obtained only from this house. A triple mirror, so useful either for a lady's dressing or a man's shaving, draws up out of the back of the chair when wanted; and when out of use, slides down into the frame and cannot be observed at all, so that the handsome and comfortable chair can be kept in a boudoir without revealing its usefulness. Among the chinaware there are coffee and tea services and all sorts of odd bits for the china-cabinet or the wall-bracket. In the print department may be picked up pretty presents. Lamp-shades, cushions, and worked table-centres are also favourite presents for those who do not wish to go in for the more expensive furnishing items, such as the satin-wood writing-tables, the ivory inlaid mahogany commodes or cabinets, the French gilt chairs, the screens, Japanese or English, and the thousand other items, any one of which would

delight a good housewife's heart. We illustrate a very fine cabinet for china and bric-à-brac. It is in the Louis XV. style, built in dark mahogany and decorated with mercury-gilt adornments of the highest finish. Copies of the fine old French designs like this are to be seen in numbers at Messrs. Hamptons. The light and graceful outlines, the use of gilding for brightness and finish, and yet the strength and comfort of this sort of furniture make it quite delightful. While a complete drawing-room in the early French style is most artistic, a chair, a "tabouret" or a settee in it can be introduced anywhere with good effect. Other chairs and cabinets are "Adams" designs; and frankly of to-day are numerous excellent bits of furnishing. A really useful gift is often more appreciated than mere luxury or adornment. Messrs. Hamptons' extensive stock of eider-down quilts, or their warm and artistic curtains and fabrics for portières, supply ideal gifts of this nature.

A serviceable present acceptable to almost everybody is a "Swan" fountain-pen. This can be carried in the pocket with safety, and contains a supply of ink sufficiently large for several days' writing. It does not scratch or spurt, but moves smoothly over the paper. All purses can be suited with a "Swan" fountain-pen, as the prices range from half-a-guinea for the gold pen in a plain vulcanite handle, up to several pounds for ornamental gold holders. Any hand can be suited, as a real gold nib is used, and this is produced in all styles.

Messrs. Drew and Sons, whose fine establishment is one of the ornaments of Piccadilly Circus, are famous all the world over for their travelling appliances, and especially for their dressing-bags. These are made exclusively in London, and English leather is of repute to the ends of the earth, so that American millionaires and Russian princes, as well as European royalties, send here their orders for dressing-bags and travelling-trunks. The suit case or lady's dressing case we illustrate is made in the sensible new fashion to take a few articles, sufficient for a week-end stay away, in the centre space, while the fittings are compactly placed around. The particular case before us is made in the finest crocodile leather; the fittings are all finely engraved glass, with silver-gilt tops; there is an unusually large and useful mirror fixed in the lid, and a shallow flat but commodious jewel-case forms a foundation. Other dressing-cases and bags, in every variety of style and size, and also price, are on view. The old-fashioned machine-turned silver fittings are very charming, and an artistic novelty is etching in silver. Another attractive speciality here is Messrs. Drews' patent "En Route" tea-basket, well known to all travellers to the Riviera, where it is quite invaluable, as the *hôtelier's* notion of afternoon tea is truly "a poor tale." An improvement just brought out is a combined tea and lunch basket, in which, though it is scarcely larger than the ordinary tea-basket for two persons, there are provided two sandwich-boxes and two screw-capped bottles for water or wine, with drinking-cups, salt and pepper jars, plates, knives and forks, etc., all in addition to the necessities for tea. It is a marvel of compact and convenient arrangement. Smaller articles here are equally attractive, and are very numerous. All goods in leather



SUIT CASE OR LADY'S DRESSING CASE.—Messrs. Drew and Sons.

are supplied in Messrs. Drews' well-known quality—cigar and cigarette cases, letter-cases, purses, silver-mounted belts, writing-cases, waist-bags, and innumerable other articles, some quite inexpensive, and all excellent in quality and taste.



FINE DRAWING-ROOM CABINET.

Messrs. Hampton.

Those who want gifts a little out of the common will do well to turn their steps towards Messrs. Streeter's, 18, New Bond Street. Mr. Edwin Streeter, the head of the firm, is a great authority on gems, his book on the subject of "Precious Stones" being the standard work; and he obtains from all parts of the world rare and beautiful stones. For this Christmas there is a special show of the peridot, a handsome stone of a peculiar green, inclining towards sage-green in the finest specimens. It makes up beautifully with diamonds, and in this form may be seen, among other designs, a bee brooch, a butterfly, a superb drop necklace, and a "La Vallière" oval single-stone pendant. Another stone, of which there is a good supply here, is the very beautiful pale-green chrysoprase; a butterfly with "new art" coloured and worked gold for the wings, and a chrysoprase body and centre drop, is one out of many "pieces" that are exceedingly

pretty. Opals in many superb designs are another of Messrs. Streeter's specialities. Animal brooches, both ornithological ones and the larger variety of creation, are a feature at Messrs. Streeter's. Our illustration is a charming bird model; and there are elephants, bears, a particularly fine fox, a dog, a horse and jockey, spiders, butterflies, and bees. Some of these are small in size, and not too costly trinkets. But Messrs. Streeter cater for all tastes and purses.

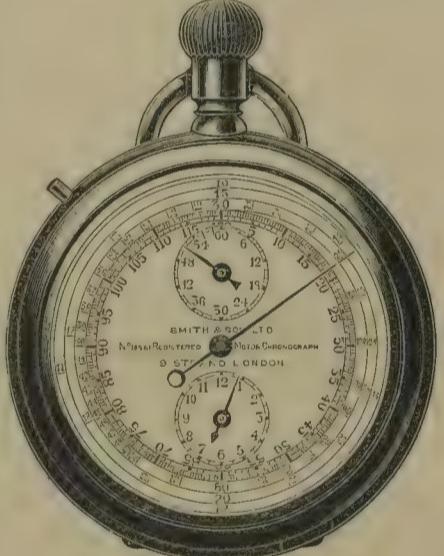
Messrs. Smith and Sons, 9, Strand, are holders of many Kew certificates, and specialists in watches, and all forms of time-keepers at all prices.

They have a newly manufactured wonderfully complicated watch which does all manner of marvellous things, and all but speaks, for the price of £900; and they have a schoolboy's reliable watch for thirty shillings. We illustrate one out of several valuable specialities that this firm has lately invented specially for the popular sport of motoring. This is the "Motor Speed Chronograph," which enables the driver to time his speed exactly by the mile-posts, marking it in a special manner as each post is passed; the chronograph also serves by a clever device for marking exactly how long the motor has been in actual work on the journey, eliminating stoppages. There is also a fine stock of jewellery here, both new and second-hand. One of the latest and most charming items is the "Dearest" pendant. It is double heart-shaped, with a little diamond

heart on a swivel in the centre, and set all round are stones, the initials of which spell the rest of the word—*n a m e l y*, emerald, amethyst, ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz.

It is quite a delight to enter the beautiful premises of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company at 112, Regent Street, and to see the exquisite things that are there displayed. Such a vast stock of the most magnificent stones as is on view here in fine show-cases could not be found elsewhere in the world, I take it, unless at some great public exhibition. The best of it is that any visitors may enjoy this spectacle, whether they are purposing to purchase anything at the moment or not, as the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have made a generous rule that visitors shall be quite free to inspect the lovely articles without being urged to buy. The company are themselves the manufacturers of both the goldsmiths' and jewellers' portion of the exhibition, and of the large and handsome stock of silver-ware. Hence, by saving the middle profit, they are able to supply the public at the cheapest possible price. Little brooches at a sovereign or twenty-five shillings, for example, are to be had, and these trifles are just as readily and courteously shown and sold as strings of pearls or magnificent tiaras costing many thousands. Inexpensive and costly alike, the articles are all in perfect taste, original in design, and the best possible value for the price charged.

There is a superb display in one large case of those grand pieces of gem-work which to the average woman are no more obtainable than the stars in the sky, and even to the wealthy one are only occasional purchases. In this tall case are to be seen specimen stones of every kind set in exquisite designs. The stock is always changing, for, of course, there are plenty of people who can afford to give the thousands of pounds which such grand work in jewellery represents. When I inspected it the other day, one of the "bright particular stars" of the case was a great emerald ring, the perfect stone in the centre without a flaw, of rich colour, and as large as the thumbnail, surrounded with diamonds of small size but great fire. The price was just one thousand pounds; but then this emerald was almost matchless. There was a great opal

 BRILLIANT PHEASANT BROOCH.  
Messrs. Streeter. "DEAREST" PENDANT.  
Messrs. Smith and Sons. MOTOR SPEED CHRONOGRAPH.  
Messrs. Smith and Sons.

diamonds, with a good emerald in the centre, and alternating emeralds and diamonds round them to form the base of the points. Delightful little brooches are gold baskets full of many-coloured flowers dangling on chains from a safety-pin brooch.

Amethysts of fine colour were at one time very valuable; they are now becoming fashionable, and once more somewhat costly; they are used for the centre of some very effective but not dear pendants. Cluster-rings are another revival of an old fashion. Some here in white diamonds, and others in emeralds and diamonds mixed, are particularly charming. Enamel comes into use for waist-buckles, combined with turquoises, diamonds, or other stones according to taste or purse, and there are twenty to thirty different designs to be chosen from in gold buckles. Quite cheap, too, are some bangles with green shamrocks and red lady-birds, with a four-leaf shamrock pendant. Then there are all sorts of trinkets for charms, ranging from an excellent gold motor-car to a silver bird on a basket of eggs. To make an end of description, since to endeavour to tell all would be to fill several pages, I will conclude by mentioning a large tray of delightful gold bag-purses, ranging in price from two pounds to eighty, the latter, of course, set along the rim with fine jewels; and, a great novelty, the "Pompadour bag," in gold or silver chain-work over satin, the top turned out with a frill of good lace, and a chain to hang on the arm. A special Christmas catalogue is ready, and will be sent by post on application. Now to turn to our Illustrations. In the group sketched, the centre ornament is a very handsome flower-spray tiara. On either side above are two pendants, the left-hand one being a flower-and-leaf scroll terminating at the base with a large diamond drop; the opposite pendant, in pearls and diamonds, of a fancy design with three drop pearls and festoons of three chains of pearls and diamonds at intervals. A small beetle brooch, in enamel and diamonds on safety-pin, is at the top.

## NOTES AND DRESS.

At this season the various societies that try to help ladies to sell their needlework and other products of home industry hold their annual sales. No doubt they help to make comfortable the lives of many poor gentlewomen, though it would perhaps be better still if those poor ladies would frankly enter the labour market and undertake useful work. It is extremely difficult, for instance, to find a practical, useful person who will go out to mend linen, darn stockings, and remake clothing; yet this sort of work needs to be done for every family. Rich people keep nurses, ladies' maids, and parlour-maids, who manage the sewing of the various household departments among them, but the middle-class mother of many needs outside help. Professional women, too, require such work done for them, as it takes more time than they can spare to do it for themselves. But

few "poor  
to fill such  
prefer to sit  
homes and  
fancy  
make up

If by this  
can only  
sums, they  
rate shel-  
personal  
employers,  
choose their  
In some  
it is frankly  
the workers of this class desire to accept charity,  
asking more than the shop price for their wares;  
and wealthy women may well spare a little from their  
superfluity to aid their poorer and feebler sisters in this  
fashion. Princess Henry of Battenberg and her nieces,  
the two daughters of Princess Christian, gave their personal  
aid to the sale of the "Working Ladies' Guild," held  
this week at Stafford House. The three royal sales-  
women undertook the stall of fancy goods. Their costumes  
made a pleasing harmony; Princess Beatrice wore grey



"BEETLE" LACE-PIN.

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.

ladies" try  
gaps. They  
in their own  
embroider  
articles or  
pincushions.  
means they  
earn trivial  
are at any  
tered from  
contact with  
and able to  
own hours.  
cases, too,  
owned that

Merry Wives of Windsor from  
the brush of  
Mrs. Jopling.  
Mrs. Kendal's  
portrait is now  
to be seen in  
the Exhibition  
of the Royal  
Society of  
British Artists  
in Suffolk  
Street. Mrs.  
Jopling was  
recently  
elected one of  
the first lady  
members of  
this society.

She is always specially happy as a painter of other  
women's portraits.

Miniver is the fur used upon the black velvet coat illustrated. Miniver is a near relation of ermine, but the black tails are much shorter. In the model depicted black lace motifs are placed upon the white fur as well as upon the velvet of the coat itself. The hat is a round one of miniver. If fashion designers had a fixed intention of injuring their customers, they could not accomplish their object more effectually than by means of the open-fronted fur coats with loose hanging bell-sleeves, up which the wind blows upon the unprotected person, that have been made the fashion this season. A muff and boa are indispensable for comfort with these open coats. Our other illustration shows a little evening frock of that old fashion revived, black lace laid over coloured silk. In this case the foundation is white. The dress is trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon, and spots of black velvet are inserted between two rows of ribbon.

Goldsmiths  
and Silversmiths  
Company.

SUPERB BRILLIANT TIARA.

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company.



AN EVENING FROCK IN LACE.

aigrette, seven large fiery stones forming the points, and other smaller ones set below, with a very big oval one at the base of all. There was a muff-chain, entirely set with fine large brilliants, such as is worn by Queen Alexandra in full dress. Then come rubies, brooches, and rings, of such exquisite colour and depth; superb tiaras and necklaces of diamonds flash upon the white velvet background; and there are aigrettes set upon springs that quiver incessantly, flashing their brilliance all around, even behind the protecting glass.

The introduction of enamel into the newest jewellery has produced quite novel and most charming effects. The present feeling is for very brilliant but not over-large diamonds, set amidst a few fine lines of white, blue, or red enamel, which throws up the stones most effectively. The clover leaf is

BRILLIANT BROOCH-  
PENDANT.



Goldsmiths and  
Silversmiths  
Company.

another great favourite of the moment in design. Here you may see it with three big brilliants, centred by emeralds for the trefoil leaf; or, again, the four-leaf clover is expressed in the charming soft tones of the opal. Sapphires, which are now recognised in almost all colours, form another trefoil, one leaf sage green, another red as a ruby, and the third ordinary deep blue colour. The snake is another emblem which has an abiding charm for some people. It was the recognised symbol of the household gods of ancient Rome, and perhaps its admirers have an unconscious transmitted association with that fact! One pretty brooch shows a snake coiling round a diamond, holding a pearl in its mouth. Quite new is a date brooch in the form of a four-leaf clover, with one of the figures in each leaf in diamonds, and green enamel for the surround and stem. Again, here is an eight-pointed star in



A VELVET COAT TRIMMED WITH MINIVER.

face-cloth trimmed with rows of black-and-white galon and a white lace vest, while the younger Princesses were respectively in old rose and heliotrope tweeds. Princess Christian is president of the "Ladies' Work Society," but was not present at its sale, which took place at Queen's Gate Hall.

An event in the history of the English stage, the appearance in one play of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Terry, is to be commemorated by portraits of these two distinguished

BROOCH-PENDANT.  
DIAMONDS AND  
SPLENDID PEARLS.Goldsmiths  
and Silversmiths  
Company.

THE NEW BRITISH ACADEMY: THE FIRST PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.



PROF. J. WARD.



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RIGHT HON. J. BRYCE,  
Publicist and Politician.



LORD REAY,  
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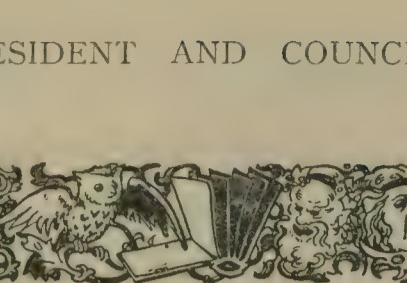
DR. J. E. B. MAYOR,  
Professor of Latin, Cambridge.



PROF. I. BYWATER.



DR. W. W. SKEAT,  
Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Cambridge.



PROF. S. R. DRIVER.

Mr. Bywater is Professor of Greek at Oxford; Mr. Rhys Davids is Professor of Buddhist Literature at University College; Dr. Driver is Professor of Hebrew at Oxford; Dr. Fairbairn, the eminent Nonconformist theologian, is Principal of Mansfield College; Sir. C. Ilbert is a distinguished jurist; Mr. James Ward is Professor of Mental Philosophy at Cambridge; Dr. A. W. Ward is Master of Peterhouse; Mr. I. Gollancz is a distinguished Shaksperian scholar.  
[Our photograph of Dr. A. W. Ward is by Baum; that of Professor Bywater by Maull and Fox; that of Lord Reay by Russell; remainder by Elliott and Fry.]



SIR R. C. JEBB,  
Professor of Greek, Cambridge.



MR. T. GOLLANCZ.



PROF. RHY'S DAVIDS.

SIR W. R. ANSON,  
Jurist, Warden of All Souls, Oxford.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. I.: THE BIRTH OF NATAL COLONY.

DRAWN BY R. CALON WOODVILLE.



LIEUTENANT FAREWELL TREATING WITH THE CHIEFS UNDER CHAKA, THE GREAT ZULU KING, 1824.

Natal was discovered by Vasco da Gama, who first sighted the Bluff on Christmas Day 1497, whence he named the country "Terra Natalis." The first British footing was gained in 1824, when Lieutenant Farewell landed with the intention of founding a colony, and entered into a treaty with Chaka, who had shortly before overrun the whole territory, driving out the aborigines. Four years later Chaka was murdered by his brother, Dingaan, and the settlement was broken up. The present colony was established in 1843.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY AT SEA: THE ITALIAN WAR-SHIP "CARLO ALBERIO" FITTED FOR COMMUNICATION WITH THE STATION AT POLDHU, CORNWALL.

DRAWN BY MAJOR E. FIELD.

The recent voyage of the Italian armour-clad "Carlo Alberto" from Spezia to Cronstadt and back has demonstrated the practicability of Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy at immense distances. The ship was provided with the ordinary apparatus generally in use afloat to begin with, but in the course of her voyage a large screen of first fifty and then fifty-four copper wires was arranged on the starboard side between the masts as shown in the drawing, and with this apparatus most successful results were attained; the telegraphic messages being transmitted not only across the ocean, but over the lofty ranges of the Pyrenees. The longest distance was that between Cronstadt and Poldhu, over which Marconi exchanged telegrams in the presence of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Italy.



H.M.S. Sutlej.

H.M.S. Renown.

H.M.S. Hogue.

PRELIMINARIES TO THE IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT'S SHIP AND NAVAL ESCORT TO INDIA.

DRAWN BY A. B. CULL.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are due to arrive at Bombay on December 26, sail in H.M.S. "Renown," and are escorted by the two new armoured cruisers, "Sutlej" and "Hogue." The vessels are sisters; each displaces 12,000 tons, and each is armed with two 9.2 in. guns, twelve 6 in., and seventeen smaller weapons. They were built for a speed of twenty-one knots, but both exceeded this at their trials last year, the former making 22.77 knots, the latter 22.06 knots an hour.

KING EDWARD'S CHILE-ARGENTINA ARBITRATION: WITH THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIR T. HOLDICH.



THE PIEBALD TROOP OF THE COMMISSION.



CROSSING THE ARGENTINE PAMPAS IN THE EARLY WINTER.



A WET CAMP.



THE COMMISSION CROSSING A RIVER.



THE MEETING BETWEEN SEÑOR ONELLI AND DR. MORENO, THE EXPLORER,  
WHOSE WORK HAS CONTRIBUTED LARGELY TO THE SETTLEMENT.



SIR T. HOLDICH, CHIEF OF THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION, AND DR. MORENO  
STUDYING THE MAPS.

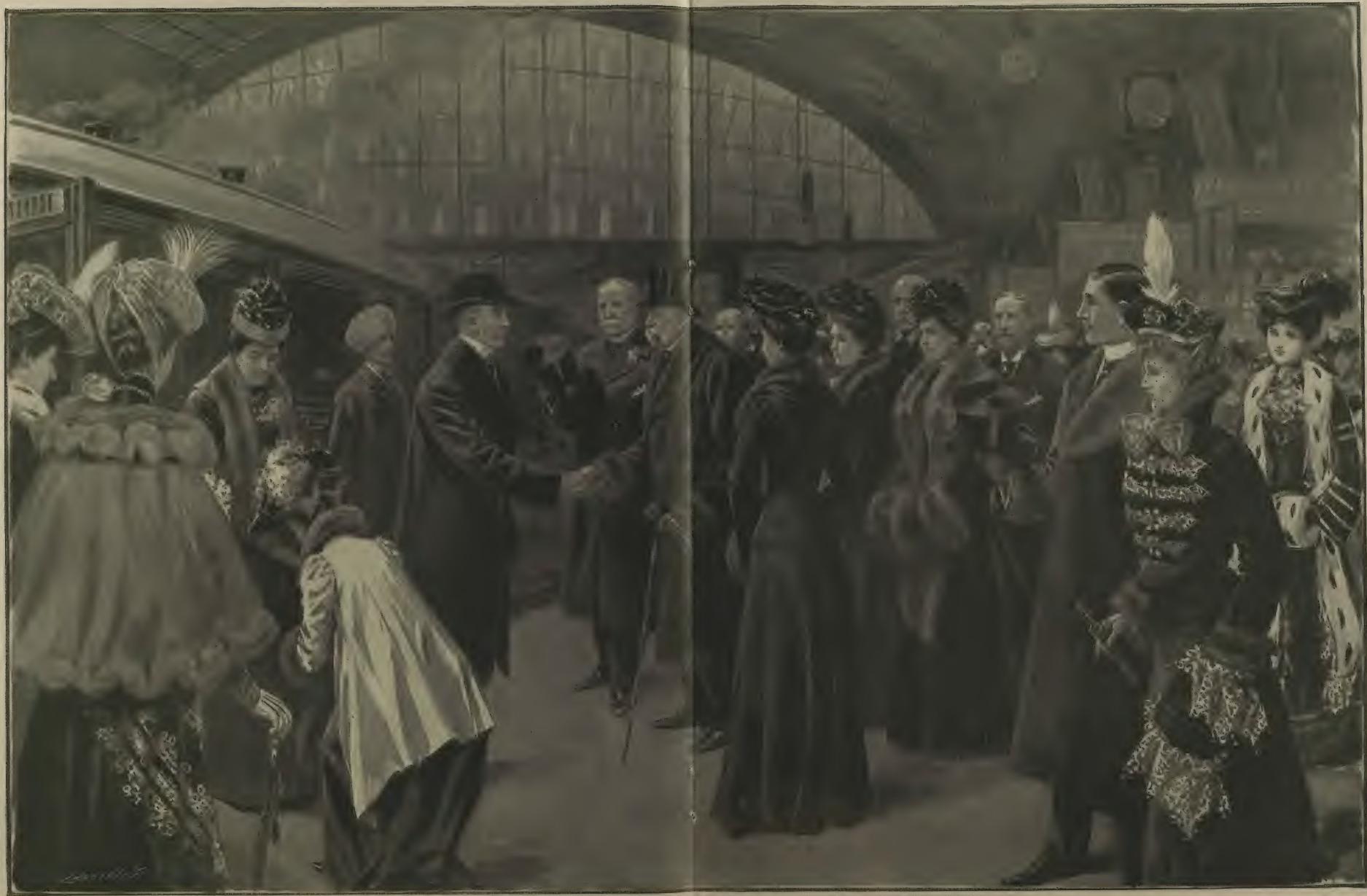


AT THE HEAD OF LAKE NAHUEL HUAPI.



A VALLEY IN THE SOUTHERN ANDES.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.



DUKESS OF CONNAUGHT.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

ADMIRAL FITZGEORGE. DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

PRINCESS MARGARET AND PRINCESS PATRICIA.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

THE EMPÉROR OF INDIA'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE FORTHCOMING IMPERIAL DURBAR: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LEAVING VICTORIA STATION FOR INDIA, NOVEMBER 29.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG

*The Duke and Duchess departed without ostentation in a royal saloon attached to the ordinary 11 o'clock boat-express to Dover. A great host of royal personages, including the venerable Duke of Cambridge, gave their Royal Highnesses a cordial "Godspeed!" on their historic mission.*

## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- The Disentanglers.* By Andrew Lang. (London: Longmans, 6s.)  
*Moth and Rust.* By Mary Cholmondeley. (London: Murray, 6s.)  
*Children of the Frost.* By Jack London. (London: Macmillan, 6s.)  
*Travels in North and Central China.* By the late John Grant Birch. (London: Hurst and Blackett, 10s. 6d.)  
*The Memoirs of Paul Kruger; Four Times President of the South African Republic.* Told by Himself. (London: Unwin, 32s.)

Humour—and style are two qualities fatal to the popularity of a sensational novel, and from these qualities Mr. Lang, for all his versatility, cannot disentangle himself. The sincere and literal reader who follows the breathless adventures of "The Disentanglers" must entertain from time to time an uneasy suspicion that the author is laughing at him and them. The idea of the book is promising: two penniless young men of good position form an association for disentangling unpromising matrimonial schemes. Thus, an expectant nephew, whose rich uncle was going to marry his cook, might, by applying to the association, enlist the help of a lovely and virtuous young lady (guaranteed to be herself in love with someone else) who would eclipse the said cook. An admirable staff of youths and maidens—all delightful, all in love, all penniless—was secured, but the Association soon found itself committed to such miscellaneous classes of unexpected business that its history is rather like a postscript to the "New Arabian Nights," with a little detective literature thrown in. Mr. Lang genially chaffs the Celtic Renaissance, cites the game of golf and the Gowrie Mystery, and generally writes very much as might be expected. It is not very original stuff—for the execution hardly comes up to the central idea—but, on the whole, it is excellent fooling conducted with a demure air of gravity.

The author of "Red Pottage" has in three stories of unequal length continued the somewhat cold analysis of character which made that book remarkable. In "Moth and Rust," however, there is very little of the humour, either mordant or genial, which created the narrow parson and the extempore temperance lecture of the novel. One episode in the present volume, "Geoffrey's Wife," is merely painful. We read in our papers every day of horrible accidents, and few of us care to be compelled to look deeper, to see how a hideous chance can ruin happiness. It is bad enough to hear of a woman crushed to death in a crowd: why should a novelist invite us to see with her husband's eyes? The other two stories are, so to say, legitimate drama, and contain clever sketches of the feminine mind. Miss Cholmondeley is always ruthless towards those virtuous people who are too stupid or too selfish to see the wrong they do. In "The Pitfall" she vivisects a woman of this kind. "Moth and Rust," the longest story, is so well written that it deserves more space than can be here given, but it cannot well be summarised. The ordinary novelist would have made a large volume out of it; Mr. Henry James would have written a library on the same materials. The combined education and hardening by misfortune of a stupid and lovely girl divide the story with the romantic history of two very unusual people who nearly miss happiness. Miss Cholmondeley is inimitable in the slight touches that hit off those social trifles which, rather than "conduct," form three-fourths of modern life, and in the contact of a respectable Duke's daughter and a disreputable horsebreaker's sister she avoids the obvious. But every character in the story is admirably realised. The action is limited, and we could wish to see more of people who are presented so vividly.

Mr. Jack London has again proved himself a master of the rare and happy art that makes the creations of an author live in the imagination of his readers; amongst his "Children of the Frost" there is no puppet. Written with the sureness of touch born of intimate knowledge, every page of the book bears the undoubted stamp of truth. There will, indeed, be some to say that on occasion the stories are too true in detail. One of the final incidents in "The Master of Mystery" will certainly raise the gorge of many a fond parent. The story of a primitive people, however, is inevitably the story of primitive passions, primitive ideas, primitive ideals, and he would be a sentimentalist indeed who would have truth sacrificed to sensibility in such a matter. It cannot be gainsaid that there are horrors in the book—gruesome, haunting passages—but we feel that they are necessary horrors, inserted not wantonly, but because, being a part of the life of the people depicted, their inclusion is essential to the construction of the artistic whole. Mr. London has a keen appreciation of that strange blend of cunning and simplicity, of man and child, which is the heritage

of the savage. As a result his stories of the Klondike, the land of promise that flashed meteor-like before the public eye four years or so ago, rivet the attention as do those of few of the English fiction-writers of the day.

A melancholy interest attaches to "Travels in North and Central China." The book has been compiled from the diary kept by Mr. Birch, and is illustrated from photographs taken by him; but the author was fated never to know how admirably his diary was adapted for publication: he was accidentally drowned on his way down the Hwang-Ho, practically the last stage of a most interesting journey. His mission in China was to obtain railway concessions in the mining regions of the interior, and as he was in the country when events were leading up to the siege of the Peking Legations, we expected to read of much unpleasantness arising from the notorious antipathy to "foreign devils." In this respect we, like the author, were agreeably disappointed; and there can be no doubt but that Mr. Birch was right in his conjecture that the officials were very anxious to avoid trouble with foreigners, and had given orders to the people to be quiet. Under these circumstances an observant traveller was able to see the population in their normal state of pacific industry—and dirt; whereby we acquire from Mr. Birch's pages an excellent idea of native life in town and country.

If Paul Kruger possessed a literary gift, what a book he might have written! He knew the life of the veldt long before gold was dreamed of; he fought Kaffirs almost from his childhood; he was a mighty hunter. He measured his wits against every distinguished Englishman who has ruled in South Africa for the last quarter of a century; he paid three diplomatic

seriousness, this book is a most misleading version of South-African history. We do not in the least mind an insistence on those points only which tell for the Boers, or a determination to see nothing but bad motives in British statesmanship. There is, for instance, not a trace of gratitude for the Majuba policy. All that is perfectly natural. But there are numerous deliberate mis-statements, and it is quite clear (even without Sir Evelyn Wood's very pointed contradiction) that President Kruger's account of his personal experiences is not to be trusted. He speaks well of every Boer, including those whom he was known to dislike as rivals. We should have liked to hear what he thought of such a product of civilisation as Barney Barnato, who gave him the stone lions. But the old man is discreet—or perhaps weary. We fancy he can have found little pleasure in his latest task. And since absolutely no diplomatic secrets are revealed, we fear the public will be ungrateful.

## NOVELS IN BRIEF.

*Backsheesh,* by Roma White (Cassell, 6s.), is a tale of what presumes to be modern Egyptian life. It possesses no particular excellence of style, and the dialogue is uniformly uninteresting. The hero is Gerald Paterson, a weak-kneed Anglo-Egyptian, and the villain is a Turk who speaks in peculiarly irritating broken English.

*The Plague of the Heart,* by Francis Prevost (Ward, Lock, 6s.), is a series of three short stories, of which the most noteworthy is "The Siege of Sar," a somewhat mechanically developed episode of Indian Frontier fighting. The heroine, Rose Chantry, whose husband has been killed, discovers after that event she never loved him, and the *dénouement* may be forecast when it is stated that during a peculiarly toilsome retreat from the fort, a British officer devotes himself entirely to her service.

*A Lady's Honour,* by Bass Blake (Fisher Unwin's First Novel Series, 6s.), is written in the romantic style. The scene is laid in Belgium in the time of Marlborough, and the story deals with the usual conventional villain, who lays deep plans to win the heroine, and is duly thwarted by the apparently dull-witted country cousin.

*The Children of Silence,* by John Cleveland (Ibsister, 6s.), as its title proclaims, deals with the Quaker community. The scene is laid in the East End of London, and the period is the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The dialogue has the defect of its quality in that the continual recurrence of "thee" and "thou" and precise phraseology tend somewhat to tediousness. The narrative style, however, is easy and the ending is happy, the last chapter containing an appropriately quaint description of a Quaker wedding.

*Folly's Quest,* anonymous (Grant Richards, 5s.), begins in delirium and ends in incoherency. It is an allegory, in a great measure satirical, of modern life, but although it contains many aphorisms, its aphoristic value is problematic.

*The Shadow of the Czar,* by John R. Carling (Ward, Lock, 6s.), is another extraordinary testimony to the audacity of the crowd of writers who develop indifferently the situation so admirably handled by Mr. Anthony Hope in the romantic work that made his name. Here, once again, we have all the stock characters—the Princess, the irresistible Englishman, and the rest. The succession of adventure is breathless enough to suit the greediest devourer of sensation. But the figure of matter-of-fact Lord Palmerston is, to say the least of it, out of place in romantic extravaganza.

*The Sentimental Warrior,* by Edgar Jepson (Grant Richards, 6s.), is the story of a nameless silversmith who plays once more the rôle of Japhet in search of a father. The endeavour, which is managed with considerable humour, leads the hero through many adventures, culminating in an extraordinary act of apparent burglary which enables him to come to an understanding with the lady of his affections. The book concludes with amicable and satisfactory references to a special license.

*The Coming of Sonia, and Other Stories,* by Mrs. Hamilton Syng (Fisher Unwin, 6s.).—The stories contained in "The Coming of Sonia" are stories of the comparatively commonplace told in a particularly commonplace manner. Mrs. Hamilton Syng has evidently written with ease, and her work bears eloquent testimony to Dickens's statement that "easy writing makes hard reading."

*The Unnamed,* by William Le Queux. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.).—Mr. William Le Queux at least knows the taste of those for whom he writes, and doubtless his latest novel will have a greater vogue with his particular public than would work of a higher artistic type. "The Unnamed" is a story of the two centres of present day Italian society—Florence and Rome—and, as might indeed have been anticipated, turns largely on the Camorra



A GORGE AT TOP OF THE RAPID, FU-LI-CHI.

Reproduced from "Travels in North and Central China," by permission of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.

visits to London, and has been, under exceptional conditions, a guest in four European countries. He ruled a so-called Republic for twenty years in a spirit of patriarchal autocracy unparalleled for centuries. In spite of his rustic upbringing, he amassed a great fortune in a region of keen wits. He has been a leader in civil war, a Boer subordinate official, a British official, a President, a refugee. The many stories about him prove at least that he has a turn of humour of a rather uncommon kind. He imported from Holland men whom superficial observers would describe as much cleverer than himself, and he did with them (so the best-informed tell us) exactly what he pleased. There are many points in his career which moralists must deplore, and yet he has never been at a loss for a Scripture quotation. Unfortunately he is not a scribe, and he professes to know only one language, the Afrikander *taal*, though it is fairly certain that he has a working knowledge of English. Consequently he has been content to dictate his reminiscences to a committee, and the committee has produced a book which can satisfy nobody—except, perhaps, German Anglophobes. They have printed, indeed, some of the ex-President's speeches, which bear the genuine stamp, but the "Memoirs" themselves read as if they had been compiled by a German journalist from half-a-dozen ordinary books on South Africa. The early hunting adventures are well told, but there is nothing new said about the political career. The events treated in most detail are the negotiations of 1899, and this part of the work is evidently meant to be an appeal to Continental opinion, for Mr. Kruger still professes hopes for the restoration of Boer independence. On the general Uitlander question, he says very much what he might be expected to say, the most interesting point being a declaration that in his famous exordium, "People of the Lord, you old people of the country, you foreigners, you newcomers, yes, even you thieves and murderers!" the last two classes are intended to include Boers as well as Uitlanders. At the time the Uitlanders chose to put the cap on, while not admitting that it fitted. In all

THE DIRECT LINE OF SUCCESSION TO THE BRITISH THRONE: THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE.



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES.



PRINCE ALBERT OF WALES.



THE  
PRINCE  
OF WALES  
AND HIS  
CHILDREN.



PRINCE HENRY OF WALES.



PRINCESS VICTORIA AND PRINCE HENRY OF WALES.



A MUCH-CRITICISED DESIGN FOR THE NEW BRIDGE AT VAUXHALL.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.

The drawing represents the iron bridge of which the Bridges Committee of the County Council reported: "We have hung up the design which, in our opinion, the Council would do well to adopt, as being satisfactory in appearance and not unworthy the position it occupies." It is the iron bridge of which Sir William Richmond says: "It is a sham! It is an imitation of stone construction; it is ornamented with Gothic design of the very worst description."



BURAO, ABOUT MIDWAY BETWEEN BERBERA AND BOHOTLE.  
SOMALILAND DELICACIES : TYPICAL FAT-TAILED SHEEP.

THE LOOK-OUT,  
BURAO.

BOHOTLE, RELIEVED ON NOV. 19: THE BRITISH OFFICERS' HUTS.  
WADAMOGA CAMP.

THE BRITISH EXPEDITION TO SOMALILAND: SCENES ON THE ROUTE BETWEEN BERBERA AND BOHOTLE.

In the despatches announcing the relief of Bohotle, it was stated that 35 per cent. of the garrison were ill with malarial fever, and that there was an average of one death a day. The panic-stricken native levies were deserting wholesale.

THE GREAT OIL-WELL FIRE IN TEXAS: A METHOD OF EXTINCTION.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



CAPPING A BURNING OIL-WELL.

To extinguish a burning oil-well, or "gusher," a kind of armoured trolley fitted with a crane, from which the cap is slung, is pushed conveniently near the blazing bore-hole. The extinguisher is then lowered. Pipes are adjusted afterwards to control the flow of the well.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One very curious aspect of the lower life that surrounds us is the power occasionally represented therein of reproducing very considerable tracts of body when such portions have been injured or actually removed. Certain echoes of this power may be noted to exist even within the human domain itself. For example, our outer skin, destitute of bloodvessels and nerves as we all know it to be, is perpetually being destroyed, and as perpetually being renewed. The minute cells whereof this outer skin is composed are constantly dying and being scaled off in the shape of invisible dust. The act of washing our hands and the friction of our clothes must remove the old cells by the thousand. There is a complete and constant process of renewal of these cells, however, taking place. From the upper surface of the under skin (or "dermis"), which is the growing-ground of the outer skin, new cells are formed throughout life.

Now, in a sense, there is here seen a process of reproduction of lost parts or tissues. Physiologists have asserted that the liver has a similar but, of course, more limited power of making good the loss of its cells. Bone can certainly be reproduced, otherwise our fractures would never be mended; and the healing of a wound involves the making of new material to replace the old. Even here, however, we see our own limitations. A healed wound leaves a scar, and this scar is composed of a tissue different from that which existed before the infliction of the injury. It is as though in higher life there existed some well-defined restriction in the way of reproduction of original material. In the lung, physicians meet with the same story. A cavity in a lung due to the attack of tuberculosis may, and often does, heal up. When the lung is examined, the material which is seen at the once affected spot is not true lung-tissue. That has gone for ever, and it is replaced by a something not unlike that seen in the scar of a wound—a tough fibrous substance not in the least available for breathing purposes.

When we turn to lower life the case is very different. There we may meet with certain extraordinary illustrations, not merely of the power to reproduce lost parts, but actually to reincarnate, as it were, a whole animal. In the plant world we see a like quality. There are certain lower plants which you may pound in a mortar, yet from each fragment a new plant will arise. Such a consideration seems to give the death-blow to opinions which tell us that in a living being that which reproduces the race is a something very different from that which constitutes its bodily substance. In the animal world the starfishes represent beings of a marvellous vitality. You may pick up on the sea-beach a five-rayed starfish, with four of its rays snipped off by some hungry fish, and one sound arm alone left. Then you see the four rays budding forth anew, and, given time, the sea-star will in due season reproduce its anatomy in a whole and perfect condition. In certain newts the legs will grow again, just as in others and in some lizards the sprouting of a new tail is only a matter of time. A crab's legs will be reproduced when lost; and in the eye of a newt, when the lens has been injured, a growth replacing it has been seen to be furnished by the iris, which is the dark curtain of the eye with the pupil as a hole in the midst thereof.

More extraordinary still is the story of the hydra, or fresh-water polype, found in every ditch and pond. Trembley, of Geneva, in the eighteenth century, showed that you could cut a hydra into several pieces, when each moiety would grow into a new polype. You may, as he did, turn it inside out like the finger of a glove, and if it does not happen to reinvert itself, it will accommodate itself like a wise animal to the exigencies of its position. The tentacles or feelers of the hydra may be used on occasion to make up lost body-material, new tentacles growing in time to replace the old. Nor is this wonderful process limited to full-grown animals. In certain cases we know that if a developing egg be divided at a particular stage of its history, each of the parts thus separated will still produce a perfect animal.

All these facts open our eyes to a very wonderful side of living nature. Not the least interesting phase of the subject is that which seeks to inquire why, if lower life appears to be thus abundantly provided with recuperative powers, higher life should not be equally endowed? I think we may arrive at some idea of the reason why, if we consider certain plain differences between the two spheres of vitality. In higher life we find represented a state of things which in ordinary human affairs most nearly corresponds to an autocratic monarchy. The nervous system rules the roost here. It is far and away the arbiter of our bodily destinies. It is so important that it throws all other systems into the shade. They are the servants—brain and nerve are the masters. There is no equality here possible. On the other hand, there is the strict separation of the classes from the masses. The disproportion of things is distinctly seen in the greater relative importance of the nervous apparatus; therefore it is that when any subordinate part of our frame is lost there is wanting the power to make it good again. The disturbance is so great, relatively to the nervous system, that the parts left cannot reproduce the missing tissues.

Very different is it with lower life. There you meet with the biological democracy. There one part is as good as any other part, and possesses, therefore, a power of reproducing lost tissues in virtue of its own rank and place in the body. Even if, as a learned German has lately maintained, the loss of a part sets up a stimulus that results in new growths, it is clear that stimulus can only act upon what it finds in the constitution of the living being. We may desire much the power of reproducing our physical deficiencies, but the gratification of that desire would imply a reversion to lower life. We cannot eat our biological cake and have it as well.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.*

FIDELITAS.—The second move should be K to Kt 4th. With this rectification, you will find the problem perfectly correct. Your problem is under examination.

SORRENTO.—The notation always counts from the side of the piece playing. In the first of your instances, the White Pawn takes R at Q 3rd. In the second, it follows, of course, Kt takes R at Q sq.

F M A (Marlborough).—Your problem is wrong in many ways. First of all, there are two Black King's Bishops on the board. Then a check for first move in a two-mover is not good form. Finally, P takes R, becoming Queen, mates in one move. You must try again.

ICHARON.—See answer to Fidelitas, above.

F R JONES (Manchester).—If you will send us a copy of the problem, we will answer with pleasure.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3048 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3049 from P N Banerji (Dhar, India) and Banarsi Das; of No. 3050 from P N Banerji; of No. 3054 from J Semik (Prague), G Lill (Gringley-on-Hill), Andrew Roy, C E (Edinburgh), Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), C W Porter (Crawley), Fidelitas, C A Rowley (Clifton), A G (Pancsova), and Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne); of No. 3055 from G C B Charles Burnett, Graham Wilkinson (Sheffield), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), A G (Pancsova), J Semik (Prague), and F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 3050 received from W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Sorrento, F J Candy, F J S (Hampstead), E Fear Hill (Trowbridge), L Desanges, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F R Jones (Manchester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), J W (Campsie), Martin F, Thomas Henderson (Leeds), Eugene Henry (Nunhead), W D Easton (Sunderland), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Reginald Gordon, Charles Burnett, R H Reynolds (Manchester), R Worters (Canterbury), George H Kelland (Jersey), James Marquis (Jersey), and H S Brandreth (Biarritz).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3055.—By W. T. PIERCE.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. R to Q B 6th K takes P, or K to B 4th or 5th

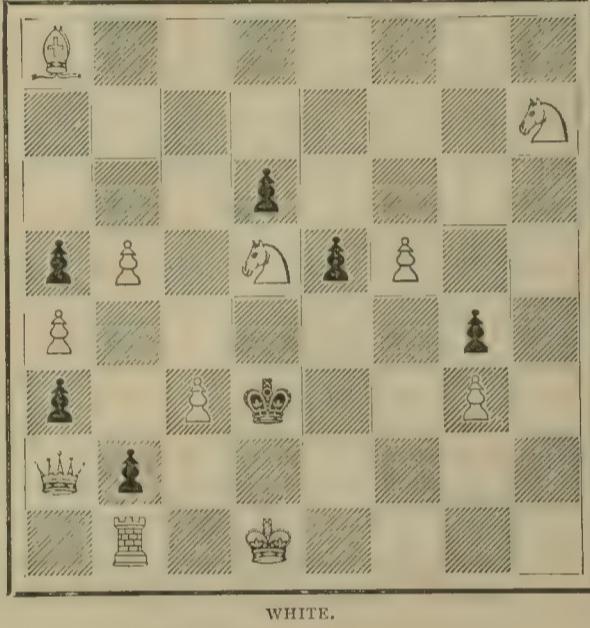
2. Kt to Kt 3rd Any move

3. Q or P mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 4th or Kt takes P, 2. R to B 5th (ch), etc. There is another solution by 1. Kt to Kt 3rd.

## PROBLEM NO. 3058.—By IRVING CHAPIN (Philadelphia).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in New York between Messrs. C. S. HOWELL and J. FINN.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. H.) BLACK (Mr. F.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd

2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

4. B to Kt 5th B to Kt 5th

Leading to what is known as the McCutcheon Variation. Until recently it was concluded that Black had something like a lost game if he ventured 4. B to Kt 5th.

5. P to K 5th P to K R 3rd

6. B to R 4th

A line of play which many regard as unfavourable to White appears to follow after 6. P takes Kt, P takes B, 7. P takes P, R to Kt sq, etc., but it may still be worth considering as an improvement on White's play here.

6. P to K Kt 4th

7. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 5th

8. Kt to K 2nd P to Q B 4th

9. P to Q R 3rd B takes Kt (ch)

10. Kt takes B Q to R 4th

11. Q to Q 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

12. P takes P B to Q 2nd

A good move, preparatory to Castling, and now threatening Kt to Kt 5th, which would otherwise be answered by Q to Kt 5th (ch).

13. P to B 3rd Kt takes B

14. P takes Kt Q takes B P

15. P to B 4th Castles Q R

16. P to Q Kt 4th Q to Kt 3rd

17. B to K 2nd

Kt to Kt sq

18. K to Q 2nd Kt to K 2nd

19. K R to Q Kt sq R to Q B sq

20. P to Q R 4th Kt to Kt 3rd

21. P to R 5th Q to B 2nd

22. R to K B sq P to R 4th

We think there is something for White in 27. Kt takes P, P takes R; 28. Q takes P, etc. It was, at any rate, the one chance left.

27. R takes P P takes P

28. R takes P Q to B 2nd

29. P to B 3rd

Here P to B 4th was good. Thus: 29. P to B 4th, P takes P; 30. Kt takes P, with a fine game, because if Q takes Kt, 31. Q takes P (ch), P takes Q; 32. P to R 7th (ch), K moves; 33. B to B 3rd (ch), and wins. Anything else, it will be seen, leads to a loss.

29. Kt to B sq

30. P to K 6th P takes P

31. R takes Kt P R to R 2nd

32. R to B 2nd Kt to Q 2nd

33. B to Q 3rd R to K 2nd

34. R to K 2nd B to B 2nd

35. Q to Q Kt 4th Kt to B 3rd

36. Q to K B 4th Q takes Q

37. P to K 2nd K to B 2nd

38. R (Kt 5) to K 5 K to Q 3rd

39. P to B 5th Kt to Kt 3rd

40. R (K 5) to K 2nd P to K 4th

41. R to Q R sq P to K 5th

42. B to B 2nd B to K sq

43. R to Q Kt sq B to Q 2nd

44. R (K 2) to K sq B takes B P

45. R to K R sq B to Kt 3rd

46. R to Q R sq P to Q 5th

47. B to Q sq P to K 6th (ch)

48. K to K sq P to B 7th

49. B to Kt 3rd P takes P

50. R to K R 3rd P to B 7th

51. Kt to Kt 2nd P to B 8 (Q, ch)

White resigns.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 108, Strand, London.

## THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

It is now more than twenty years since Mr. Justin McCarthy carried a singularly happy project to excellent achievement in his "History of Our Own Times." That the work bore on its surface the mark of journalism, and that its patent utility gained for it a reputation somewhat in excess of its actual historical merits, are facts that need not blind us to the many positive excellences of a remarkably and justly successful undertaking. Of these excellences, the most outstanding were the unusual adroitness displayed in the marshalling of intricate facts, the quickness to see and the ability to utilise a picturesque situation, and, chief of all, a notable power of vivacious narrative. With one not unimportant addition, these are the most obvious merits of Mr. McCarthy's latest historical work, "The Reign of Queen Anne" (Chatto and Windus), and result, as before, in giving us a supremely interesting and racy narrative of a supremely interesting historical epoch. The addition alluded to is one for which the subject rather than the author is responsible, for in dealing with the events of two hundred years ago a historian could not be pardoned if he yielded to the bias of prejudice to an extent easily overlooked in a chronicler of contemporary affairs.

"The Age of Anne"—what do the magical words not connote for us! "The fame of the reign," says Mr. McCarthy, "rests chiefly on its accomplishments in literature and war," which is a definition both concise and accurate, but surely a barren and inadequate formula for our Augustan age. In history, as in literature, there are some names which, as Elia said, "carry a perfume in the mention" and "sound sweeter and have a finer relish to the ear" than others; and in history or literature there are few phrases so pregnant with delightful memories as "the Age of Queen Anne." The influence of Anne on the history of her times is of as much account as that of the fly upon the wheel in the progress of the chariot; but no one need grudge the splendid, if accidental, immortality which history has accorded to that poor, unhappy, and ineffectual monarch. Not hers among the first names to leap to mind when her reign is mentioned; not Marlborough's, the "God of War"; assuredly not Harley's, or St. John's, or that of any of a very numerous band of pinchbeck statesmen. The glory of the age was neither its Queen nor her politicians, but the astonishing number of its uncrowned kings—

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## ART NOTES.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours holds its winter exhibition in Pall Mall. It has been in existence for close on a century, but of its winter exhibitions, this is only the forty-first. Perhaps a certain chilliness which creeps over the visitor to-day as he enters the gallery may have deterred the past Fathers of the Society from shows in winter seasons. Water-colours seem to demand sunshine, especially water-colours of the conventional type pervaded by a certain

old traditions. But, with Mr. Clausen on one side and Miss Brickdale on another, we get into the old body an infusion of new paint making all for interest and vitality. Nothing is so vital in a picture as the light in it: all is dead that is done in disregard of shadows and reflections. We can boast one master here in Mr. Clausen, whose "Reaper," "Girl Sewing," and "Old Cottage" are, in this and in other respects, all admirable specimens of his skill. Further afield, Miss Clara Montalba sends the richly, if quietly, illuminated

some of the impressions now on view. Born in 1821 and dying in 1868, Méryon's fate is among the ironies of life. Denied by Paris better dwellings than a garret and a Bedlam, he, more than anyone, has by his pencil given Paris a place among cities, commemorated her palaces, and made immortal the houses of the comfortable bourgeoisie. Moreover, this genius of Paris had an English father, and for mother a woman who had Spanish to course with the more leisurely French blood in her veins. That he had some sort of partial recognition is



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coldness of their own. Depressing pictures in depressing weather have so baneful an effect on the mind of the visitor that Mr. Clausen's real sunshine mocks rather than exhilarates him. "My spirits go in and out with the sun," Lady Mary Wortley Montagu once pithily confessed. But the fear is, when you look at mostly dull pictures, that an occasional gleam of luminosity will not counteract the general gloom, and that your spirits sink into deeps beyond recall.

The names of the painters of the Royal Water-Colour Society are well known. They speak, in nearly all cases,

"Venetian Canal," and a scene from the interior of St. Mark's, Venice.

One of the most welcome of exhibitions now open is that devoted by Messrs. Obach at their gallery in New Bond Street to the etchings of Charles Méryon. It is the most complete of its kind ever brought together, and it largely owes its existence to the ingathering care and selection, first of Sir J. Seymour Haden and, afterwards, of Mrs. Wunderlich, of New York. The first-named of these two collectors was himself a visitor to Méryon in Paris, and from him obtained at first hand

proved by the fact that an English etcher of note, like Sir F. Seymour Haden, sought him out; but had he prophesied the enormous prices some of his etchings now fetch the prediction would no doubt have led to his further detention among the maniacs of Charenton. Very rare "states" are now to be seen in New Bond Street, where a new whimsical touch on the plate has given a fancy value to the impressions taken. His needle ranged from Notre Dame—the best known of his etchings perhaps by reason of the gargoyles—to that of La Morgue, technically the finest of all. Wall-surfaces, and the light on wall surfaces, these were his delight.

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## THE MIRACLE.

"The nights are long in winter." My earliest Latin exercise book impressed this truth upon me more years ago than I care to remember, giving me my first distaste for the hard facts of life. Nights remain long at this season of the year, and in Maychester, where amusements are unknown, all the wit and wisdom of the land congregates in the Wheatsheaf's tap-room. It is as cosy a place as man can require, with a big inglenook on either side of the fire, a sanded floor, plenty of oak benches, and raftered roof with hams hanging from it on iron hooks. There are little diamond-paned windows with red curtains that are always closely drawn; fire and lamplight shining through them send a ruddy glow into the road, very tempting to the farm-hand as he trudges heavily down the lane after his tiring work on the three horse land. Sometimes as I pass on my homeward way after a day's shooting I turn in for half-an-hour to hear the local discourse or listen to some song that was ribald in the days of its youth and is now merely quaint. And one night last week the talk turned upon miracles.

A great doctor had been staying with me for a couple of days' sport, and seeing Giles Shaw, who was suffering from some obscure internal trouble, had sent him some medicine that had a wonderful effect. Giles has returned to his work in the cobbler's shop after six months' absence, and the saddler, who held the floor as I entered the tap-room, declared the cure was a miracle. To this theory the blacksmith could not subscribe, and he had the majority with him. "There ain't no such things as merricles to my thinkin'," said the butcher; and as he spoke loudly and defiantly, the door opened, and Benjamin Wild, who is a carrier all the week and a preacher to

his brethren, the Peculiar People, on Sundays, entered suddenly.

The old man was heavily loaded with waterproof coats, for the rain was falling. "Jest wait a minute, my friend," he said to the butcher, "until I've got these here wrappin's off, an' I'll put ye to th' blush." There was

relaxed during the address—"forty year and more it be since I found salvation an' th' right way. That were a merricle in itself, so to speak, since afore that I were a trifler an' an ill-liver what never went to no place o' worship come th' Sundays. But in them days I seed a merricle, and I'll tell it to ye, so that ye may not scoff no more, nor jeer neither." Here the carrier paused for breath, and gave his order, took his hat off, cleared his throat, and stood in the light of the fire: a fine old fellow, weather-beaten, hale, and kindly, with grey hair and whiskers, and blue eyes that seemed half a century younger than the head that held them.

"Most o' ye will remember Farmer Blake," he began, fixing the unfortunate butcher once more, "if it so be as none o' ye warked under 'un; a wunnerful crewel'ard man, to my thinkin', one that didn't 'ave no fear o' th' Loord, an' thought only o' what he could put in th' pocket. Druv 'is workfolk so they wouldn't stop wi' 'im, overwarked 'is beasts an' underfed 'un, kep 'is corn till th' rats ate it if it so happened 'e couldn't get 'is price, never went nigh no church, and grudged th' parson 'is tithe. Never pide no 'tention to th' Commandments neither, an' d take what weren't 'is if it so be 'e could."

Benjamin paused to take breath; there was brief and furtive attention to the pewter pots.

*Photo. Helsby.*

THE NEW MOTOR FIRE-ENGINE OF THE L.C.C. FIRE BRIGADE.

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profound silence; Benjamin had heard the butcher's last remark, and the worthy purveyor of the finest home-killed beef and mutton looked rather vexed, for he has no flow of language to rival the carrier's.

"Foorty year an' more," began Benjamin, taking the place that the saddler had vacated on his arrival, and confronting the butcher with outspread forefinger that was never

th' field, and came runnin' down th' road. Farmer Blake's gate were open, an' th' pig ran down th' yard where 'e were a-standin' alone. Now when 'e seed th' pig o' 'is neighbour, 'e just hardened 'is heart, an' went an' shut 'er up in part o' th' stable, an' said nowt to nobody.

"John Baylis ast everywhere, an' went on suthin' wunnerful wi' 'is wife; but th' pig were gone, and Farmer



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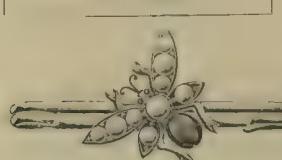
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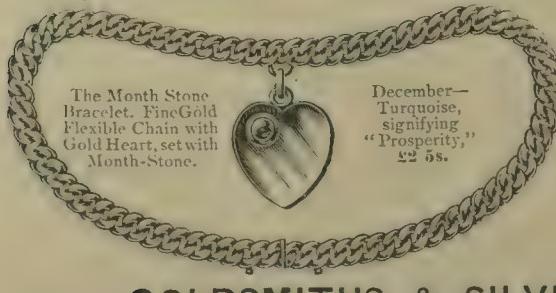


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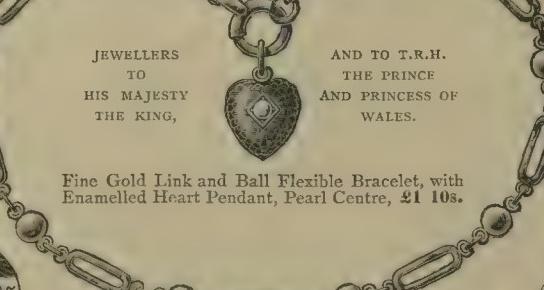


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Lucky Bean,  
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TO  
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THE KING,

AND TO T.R.H.  
THE PRINCE  
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WALES.



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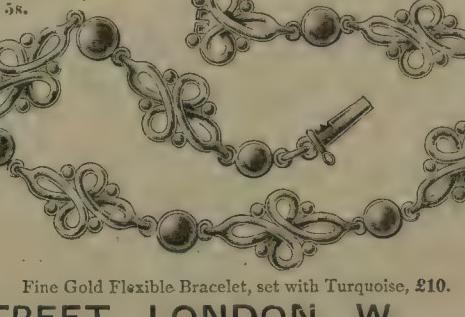
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A SOAP, DEODORISER,  
AND DISINFECTANT

LEVER BROS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.



Blake 'e jist fatted 'er. Eight or ten weeks passed; she grew as fat as barley-meal an' middlin's an' skim-milk could make 'er; an' Farmer Blake says to 'is boy, 'Jest ye go an' gie th' pig clean straw, so she can clean 'erself, an' I'll kill 'er o' Friday.' Th' boy went an' did as 'e was bid, but 'e were a 'mazin' little lad, an' th' pig upset 'un an' run out o' th' old stable, an' out o' th' gate, which happed to be open. When she came to th' road, she 'membered th' way she come, for Providence must ha' directed 'er, an' ran down th' road to where Mrs. Baylis was a-washin'. She thought she recognised 'un, an' shet 'un up, an' sent fr' John Baylis, a-workin' on th' land. 'E come an' looked at 'er an' said 'e known 'er; an' that there were foul play somewhere. So 'e ups an' sends fr' th' butcher—your very father, young man—an' then an' there th' butcher killed 'er.'

The butcher stirred uneasily in his chair as though he, too, were uncertain whether the pig or Mrs. Baylis had suffered at his father's hands.

"Now, when Farmer Blake returned fr' market, lo an' behold! there weren't no pig; an' bein' a man o' fierce an' violent 'abit, I 'ave 'card say 'e did blaspheme amazin'. 'E guessed what 'ad 'appened even afore John Baylis come up to him and said they'd found th' lost pig, an' that some kind friend must 'a spent nigh tharthy shillin' in fattenin' 'er for them. 'E couldn't say

nowt; an' John Baylis guessed th' truth, an' he didn't say nowt; but th' story grew about, and o' dark nights, th' lads, seein' Farmer Blake a-comin' down th' road, would grunt wunnerful like pigs at 'un.'

"All that were a merrile. Th' pig were sent to punish Farmer Blake, an' it did so. It went to 'is farm, an' ate 'is barley-meal an' middlin's an' drank 'is skim-milk till th' appointed time, an' then returned to its lawful master. And now, friends, I'll bid ye good evenin'." So saying, the carrier reached for his wraps and strode out.

There was no more unbelief among the company while I was in the tap-room that night.

The Brighton Railway Company announce that by their Royal Mail route, via Newhaven and Dieppe, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the express day service on Wednesday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the express night service on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 21, 22, 23, and 24.

The London and North-Western Railway Company have made complete arrangements for the collection, quick transit, and prompt delivery of Christmas parcels in all the principal towns on their system, and all parts

of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. The reduced rates which are in operation are in no case higher than the rates by Parcel Post.

Cheap excursions will be run by the Great Central Railway from London (Marylebone) on Saturday, Dec. 6, for two, three, five, and eight days to Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Penistone, Huddersfield, Brighouse, Halifax, Bradford, Guide Bridge, Ashton, Oldham, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, and Liverpool. On Sunday, Dec. 7, for two, four, and seven days to Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Penistone, Guide Bridge, Ashton, Oldham, and Manchester. Every Sunday for one or two days, every Monday and Thursday (except Dec. 25) for day and half-day, and every Saturday for day and half-day, two or three days, to Calvert, Leicester, Loughborough, and district.

One of the first steps from an educational point of view on the part of the British Government in regard to the schools of the new colony has been the selection of pianos to be shipped to South Africa. The first hundred pianos will be despatched by Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, Limited, early in January. The piano selected is of special design and is one of the latest additions to the catalogue of this old-established firm, and will in future be known as "The Imperial."

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Ring, set with fine Brilliant and One Whole Pearl, £95.

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Gold Brooch, Turquoise Centre, 15s. 6d.

Fine Gold Scarf Pin, 7s. 6d. Smaller size, 5s.

Gold-mounted Mother-of-Pearl Links, from 17s. 6d. per pair; Studs, £1 10s. per set; Vest Buttons, for Evening Dress, £3 3s. per set of six.

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New Head Ornament, set with choice White Brilliant (the Bow and each Feather can be worn separately as Brooches); £345.

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Choice Whole Pearl Bead Necklace for above, £6 6s.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 11, 1902) of Mr. Arthur Thomas Schrieber, J.P., D.L., of Hengherst, Woodchurch, Kent, and Becca Hall, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Nov. 20 by Mrs. Elizabeth Hastings Schrieber, the widow, and Mrs. Evelyn Mary Bingham Webb, the daughter, the value of the estate being £417,026. The testator gives an annuity of £4000, all his jewels, and part of the furniture, pictures, plate, horses and carriages, to his wife; £5000 to his brother Collingwood; £2000 to his brother Wilfred Charles; £5000 each to his sisters Frances Frederica Louisa and Rose Edith and Julia Sarah Bloxsome; and £1000 to his niece, Mary Way. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter, Mrs. Webb.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1902), with a codicil (dated Sept. 16 following), of Mr. Henry Courage, of Gravenhurst, Bolney, Sussex, and the Anchor Brewery, Horsleydown, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Nov. 24 by Harry Ernest Courage, the son, George Nicholas Hardinge, and John Alexander Druce, the executors, the value of the estate being £302,420. The testator gives his shares in the Leatherhead Water Company, in trust, for his daughters Mrs. Margaret Louisa Norris and Mrs. Muriel Blencowe; £100 each to his executors;

and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Mrs. Norris to bring into hotchpot the sum of £12,500, the value of property given to her. Mr. Courage states that he had transferred 210 shares in the brewery to his son, and eighty shares each to his other children.

The will (dated Oct. 16, 1885), with two codicils (dated Oct. 16, 1885, and Nov. 14, 1888), of Sir George Campbell Clarke, of 116, Avenue des Champs, Elysées, principal representative of the *Daily Telegraph* in Paris, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Nov. 21 by Dame Annie Campbell Clarke, the widow, the sole executrix, the value of the estate being £233,039. The testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 20, 1892), with a codicil (dated July 13, 1894), of Mr. William Boutland Wilkinson, of 5, Ellison Place, Newcastle, and Belvedere House, Whitley, Northumberland, who died on Oct. 13, has been proved by Charles Joseph Wilkinson, the son, Edward Armorer Hedley, and Frederick Emley, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £171,494. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Church Institute, the Newcastle Infirmary, and the Prudhoe Memorial Convalescent Home (Whitley); £250 each to the National Society for Educating the Poor in the

Principles of the Church of England, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Curates' Augmentation Fund, the Cathedral Nurse and Loan Society, and the Newcastle Diocesan Fund; and £500 to his wife for his old workpeople or any charitable fund she may select. He also bequeaths £500, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1200, and the use of his residences, to his wife; £10,000 each, and a further £10,000 each on the death or remarriage of Mrs. Wilkinson, in trust, for his daughters Elizabeth, Beatrice, Isabella, and Edith; and a few small annuities to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated June 17, 1898) of Mr. Edward Salvin Bowlby, J.P., D.L., of Gilston Park, Herts, who died on Nov. 4, was proved on Nov. 21 by Arthur Salvin Bowlby, the son, and Thomas William Salvin Bowlby, the half-brother, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £151,125. The testator bequeaths £3000 per annum to his wife; £200,000, in trust, for his son Arthur; £50,000 each to his other sons; £50,000, in trust, for each of his daughters; £10,000 to his nephew Robert Russell Bowlby; £30,000 to his half-brother, Thomas William Salvin Bowlby; £20,000 each to his

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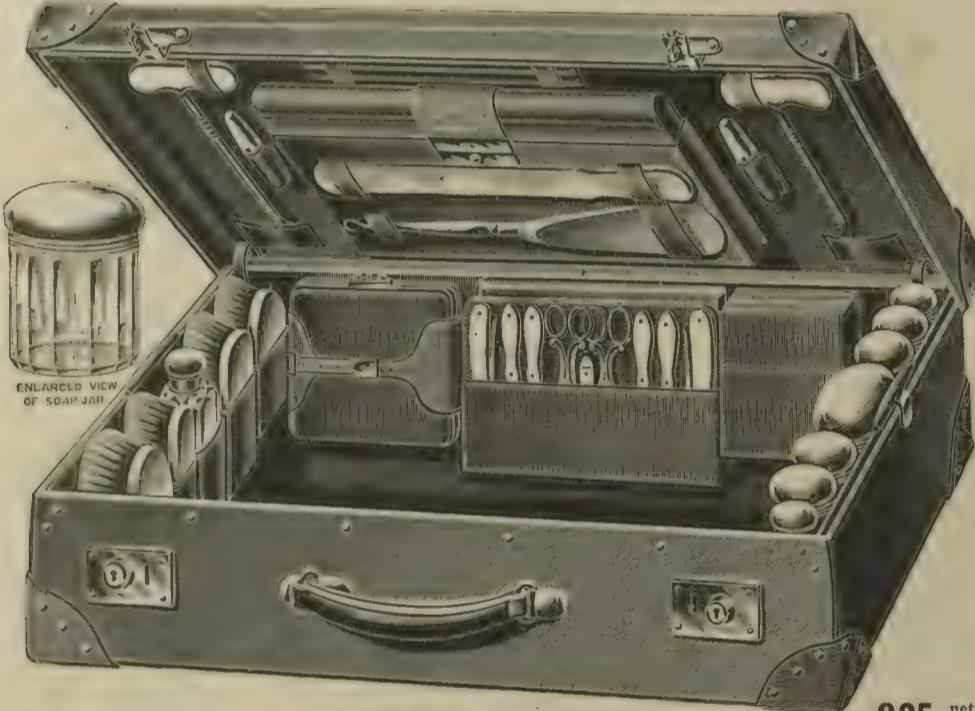
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Elegant Glass Jam or  
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Plated Mounts and  
Preserve Spoon complete,  
4/-



Handsome Nickel-  
Plated Table Warmer,  
for keeping hot breakfast  
dishes, coffee-pot, &c.,  
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Pepper, Mustard, and Salt Cruet.  
Beautiful "Antique" Pierced Design, highly  
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MUSTARD POT. PEPPER. SALT.  
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Set of 3 complete, 1/-  
Ditto, heavily Silver Plated, 2/6, 1/3, and 1/3.  
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Silver-Plated Salt and Mustard Spoons for  
above, 9d. each.



Sterling Silver-  
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Solid Silver  
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Elegant Real Doulton "Toby" Ware  
Silver-Mounted Tea-Pot, Sugar  
Basin, and Cream Ewer, in four sizes.  
Capacity of Tea-Pot—  
1-pint. 1-pint. 1½-pints. 2-pints.  
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Beer Jugs, Hot Water Jugs, and Coffee-  
Pots to match above: 1-pint, 8/-; 1½-pints,  
10/-; 2-pints, 12/- each.



nephews Henry Rimington Wilson and Charles William Bowlby, and to his cousin Henry Thomas Bowlby; an annuity of £300 to his half-sister, Caroline Eleanor Browne; and a few other annuities. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Arthur.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1894), with two codicils (dated Jan. 11, 1898, and April 18, 1899), of Colonel John Davis, of Whitmead, Tilford, Farnham, who died on July 7, was proved on Nov. 19 by Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, the widow, and Commander Thomas Barrington Moody, R.N., the executors, the value of the estate being £126,509. The testator gives his books, manuscripts, and household effects to his wife; £500 to the French Huguenot Hospital; £200 to the French Huguenot School; £10,000 each to his wife's daughters Elizabeth Jane Armstrong, Catherine Moseley Hook, Sarah Ann Hawkes, and Mary Ellen Moody; conditional annuities of £100 each to Mrs. Frances Davis, and his brother Richard; and other legacies and annuities. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and on her decease she devises the Whitmead estate to her daughters, Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Moody, and on the death of the survivor of them to Joan Barrington Moody. He also gives £3000 each, in trust, for his brother Richard, Mrs. Frances Davis, and his sister

Elizabeth Wickwar; £1500 each, in trust, for Anna Davis and the widow of his brother Robert; £2000, in trust, for his sister Mary Ellen King; £1000, in trust, for his nieces Beatrice and Edith; and the ultimate residue between Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Hawkes, and Mrs. Hook.

The will (dated March 22, 1886) of Colonel Robert Bouvier Mulliner, 1st London R.E. Volunteers, of Isis House, Grove Park, Chiswick, who died on Sept. 24, was proved on Nov. 20 by Benjamin L'Anson Breach, the surviving executor, the value of the estate being £40,507. The testator gives £100, and during her widowhood an annuity of £500, and the use of furniture, etc., of the value of £1000, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, the share of his sons to be one-fourth more than the share of his daughters.

The will (dated July 8, 1899), with a codicil (dated July 3, 1900), of Dame Anna Augusta Taylor, of 7, Second Avenue, Brighton, and 14, Pembridge Place, Bayswater, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Nov. 21 by Charles Thomas Orford and Ernest Innis Hussey, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,728. The testatrix bequeaths £1500 to her granddaughter, Augusta Ernestine Hewitt; the use of her two residences, with the furniture, etc., to her daughter-in-law, Ernestine Hewitt, during

her widowhood; £800 and her Brighton and Hove shares to Mary Harriet Phillips; £800 to her maid, Louisa Clarke; and £100 to Arthur Roots. The residue of her estate and effects she leaves to her grandchildren, Augusta Ernestine, Emily Gretchen, Aimée Guda, Rupert Paton, and Alfred Scott Hewitt.

The Bishop of Worcester has been giving a series of valuable lectures at St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, on the historical trustworthiness of the Gospels. Writing to the Bishop of Coventry, his Lordship said that the lectures were not intended for theologians or students of theology only, but for the men and women of ordinary education who might know nothing exactly about the Gospels as historical documents, but who hear much about the Higher Criticism in general conversation. Dr. Gore had intended the lectures for delivery in Westminster Abbey, but he thinks they will serve as useful a purpose in Birmingham.

Wheelmen, whether cyclists or motorists, will find a great deal to interest them in a little handbook, entitled "Concerning Gamage's Cycles." The pamphlet, which is profusely illustrated, contains many noteworthy particulars of the goods turned out by that eminent firm.

### THE GAME OF SALTA.

There can be no doubt that "Salta" is one of the best games that have been invented for many years. This opinion is confirmed by the leading Court journals. The greatest charm is that it is absolutely simple; it is most fascinating to young and old, and promises to become one of the chief attractions of the coming winter evenings. Among the noted players of the game are the German Emperor and Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who, when travelling, is never without her "Salta" board.

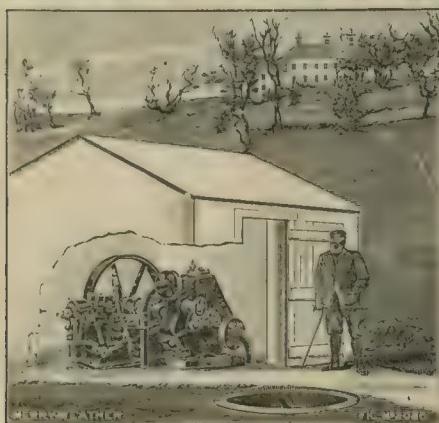
Since last winter a charming addition has been made in the form of new rules, called "Leap-frog Salta." This is purely a game of chance, and no doubt welcome to players who want to pass a pleasant hour and are fond of excitement, and is especially suited to young people.



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## MUSIC.

The second Concert Recital given by Mr. Campbell McInnes and Mr. C. A. Lidgey took place on Thursday evening, Nov. 27, at the St. James's Hall. Mr. Campbell McInnes has greatly improved in technique and style of late years, and his voice, always pleasing and charming, is now heard to far greater advantage. He sang best a delightful new cycle of songs by Mr. Lidgey, entitled "A Lover's Moods," and now heard for the first time. The six songs comprised in it are all musical, the best being "He complaineth that he is forsaken." Mr. McInnes also sang Brahms' "Ständchen" and "Sind es Schmerzen," and Bach's little, humorous, burlesque aria from the "Peasant Cantata," written with a recitative and an aria. Mr. Campbell McInnes set an excellent example to many of our professional singers by letting his English songs preponderate. Among others was a new song by Miss Lucy Broadwood, called "Garry Waters," and a Dorset folk-song, also new, composed by R. Vaughan Williams, "Blackmore by the Stour." The solo pianist at this concert was Herr Rudolf Zwintscher, who played several selections from Chopin more brilliantly than old-world

pieces by William Byrd, Rameau's "La Graile," and "Robin" of John Munday. The way in which he contrived to make the piano sound like an old-world spinnet was clever, but grew a little monotonous, and in his quiet passages his touch lacked vibration.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Martha Cunningham gave a concert at the St. James's Hall, in which she was assisted, among others, by Herr Paul Grüninger and Herr Wilhelm Backhaus. Miss Cunningham has worked hard lately, and sings intelligently and conscientiously, though her voice still needs cultivation and a more pronounced appreciation for the English language. Her words were often shockingly pronounced. She sang best the "Aime-Moi" of Viardot-Chopin and the "Auftrage" of Schumann. Herr Wilhelm Backhaus played the nocturne in C minor of Chopin and the "Campanella" of Liszt with his usual facile grace.

The annual Grand Scottish Festival arranged by Mr. William Carter took place at the Albert Hall on the eve of St. Andrew, and began with the march through the hall of the pipers of the Scots Guards and a selection of Scottish airs and dances, played by the band of the Scots Guards. Mr. William Carter's choir showed the same

conscientious rehearsing, and sang with pathos and delicacy of finish "The Covenanter's Widow's Lament" and Churchill Sibley's "Caledonia." Miss Grace Oakley sang "Robin Adair" and "Comin' Through the Rye" freshly and well; and Madame Belle Cole, with the charm years never seem to affect, gave A. C. Mackenzie's "A Dear Wifey" and "We'd Better Bide a Wee." Other vocalists were Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Watkin Mills, the Princess Te Ranji Pai, and Miss Louise Hamilton.

A novelty in the way of a Humorous and Musical Matinée has been inaugurated by Mr. Percy French and Mr. Harrison Hill at the Steinway Hall. At the one on Saturday, Nov. 29, was produced an excellent new sketch, by Mr. Harrison Hill, of Mr. Chamberlain's journey, entitled "The Travels of Joe." Mr. Percy French did some extremely clever lightning sketches in chalk on a blackboard, often upside down, all the while singing a ballad song, for which the accompaniment was played by Dr. Collinson. One song in particular, verse by verse, changed the character of the drawing of a face, one being a woman's face, changing into a Skye terrier, and modulating from that into a bearded Irishman.

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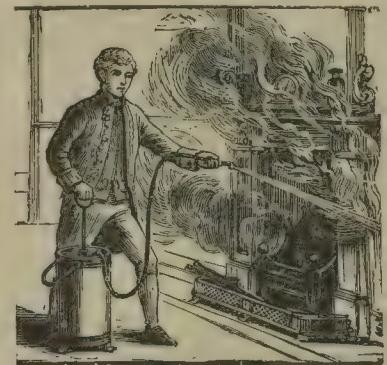
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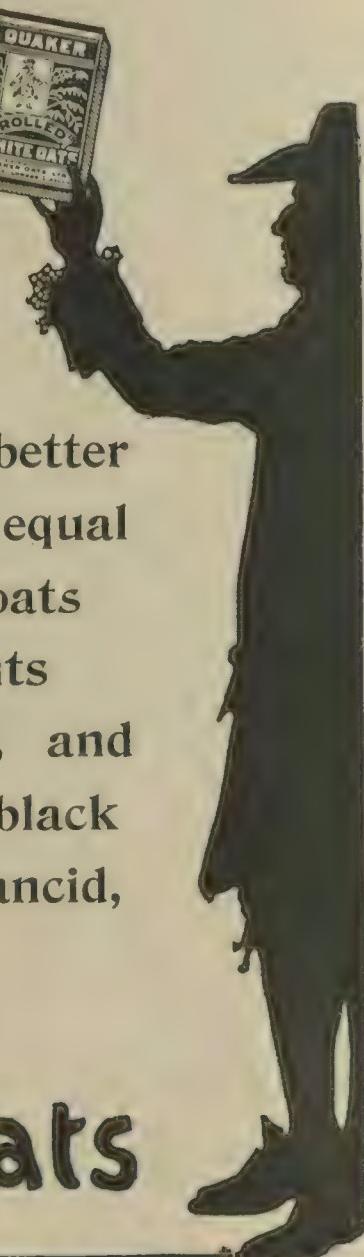
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Wills, and Mr. Justice Channel will be the Judges at the forthcoming trial of "Colonel" Lynch, M.P., for treason.

The relative value of Belleville and Scotch boilers for our war-ships is still a question. The cruisers *Minerva* and *Hyacinth*, the contestants in the first trial, are now being fitted for a second run to Gibraltar.

The Committee which is to consider the Bill for the transfer of the Osborne estate to the nation was fully constituted at a meeting of the Committee of Selection held at the House of Commons on Dec. 1. To the members previously chosen, Mr. Hayes Fisher and Sir James Woodhouse, were added Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Eugene Wason.

The National Association for the Suppression of Bad Language, a very necessary institution in these days, invites the co-operation of all who are disposed to help forward the excellent work it has undertaken. The secretary is Dr. G. Walpole, and the address of the Association 1, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

"Toy Dogs," a treatise on smaller canine management, by Muriel Handley Spicer, is a sensible little manual containing many admirable hints as to the care of these fascinating little creatures. The notes outline the life of a griffon bruxellois, and, beginning at the beginning, describe minutely how Jemima's pups were brought up. There are several illustrations and a useful index. Messrs. Adam and Charles Black are the publishers.

Among the annuals which at this season come to the Editor's table, the latest volume of "The Magazine of Art"

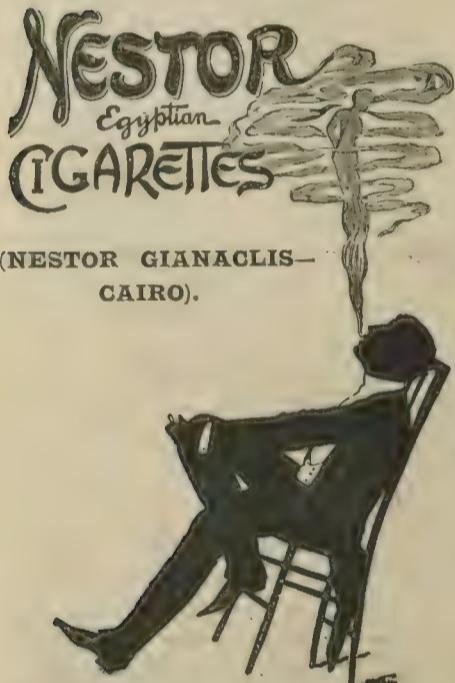
(Cassell and Co.) occupies a noteworthy place. Taken as a whole, the reproductions in the text are admirable specimens of the photo-etcher's work in point of depth and brilliancy. The full-page plates have that further excellence which is to be expected. Among the articles which range over a very wide field, two of the most noteworthy are those on Kate Greenaway and on Modern Japanese colour-prints.

The proprietors of *Pears' Annual* are as lavish as ever this year with their coloured plates, and their cover is a facsimile representation of one of Greuze's famous pictures. The principal literary contribution is "Merrichild's Million," an old-fashioned romance by R. E. Francillon, with twenty illustrations by Frank Dadd, R.I. These drawings catch the spirit of the early nineteenth century. The *Annual* entirely sustains its reputation as a bright and entertaining Christmas visitor.

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The Whisky of our forefathers

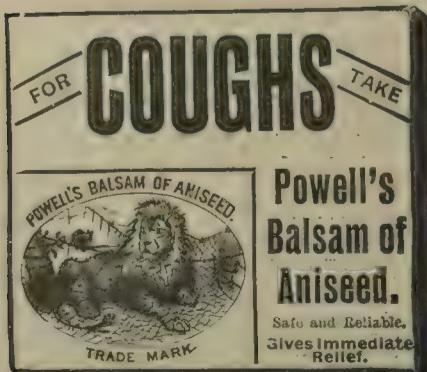
"Refresh yourselves and feel the soothing pleasures of a dreamy rest."



(NESTOR GIANACLIS—CAIRO).

The Premier Egyptian Cigarette for the last 20 years, and still of the same remarkable flavour and aroma. Beware of English-made so-called Egyptian Cigarettes, and see that each package bears the Government stamp.

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Annual Sale, 362,000  
Of all Hair-dressers, 2/- or plain sealed case, post free, 2/2. HINDES, LIMITED, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.  
**HAIR DYE**

**TO LADIES**  
All the most beautiful women use  
**CREME SIMON**  
M<sup>me</sup> ADELINA PATTI says:  
"Have found it very good indeed."  
For restoring and beautifying the complexion it is unequalled. Chaps, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness disappear as if by magic.  
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J. SIMON, 59, Faubourg St-Martin, Paris 10<sup>e</sup>. Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.  
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You can handle any pen like this, but the essential pen to use is

## WATERMAN'S IDEAL Fountain Pen

Whatever other pen you handle, you will not get the same perfect result. No stopping, jerking, blotting, smudging—it just goes on writing—keeps on writing. It makes writing easy and the writer into a Dip-no-more.

From 10/-, from Stationers, Jewellers, &c.  
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BURN DAY AND NIGHT.  
GIVE NO TROUBLE. NO DUST.  
NO UNPLEASANT SMELL.  
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ANY HANDY MAN CAN FIX.  
DELIVERED FREE.  
Illustrated Catalogues on application to  
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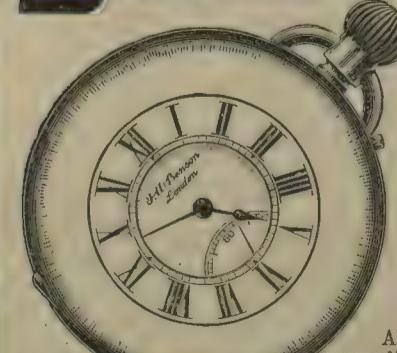
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REC'D  
"Flavour is excellent, the consistency that of a cream cheese."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.  
NO RIND. NO WASTE.  
ST. IVEL is more Palatable Than ST. IVEL is more Nutritious Than ST. IVEL is more Digestible Than ST. IVEL is more Economical Than  
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Send nine penny stamps to APLIN & BARRETT, Ltd., Yeovil, for Sample Cheese and "Secret of St. Ivel." Name this Paper.  
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"The Gun of the Period."

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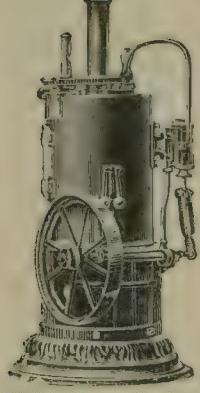
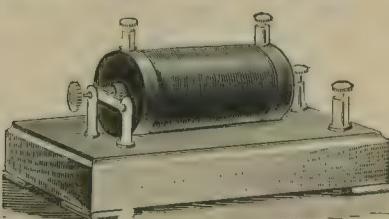
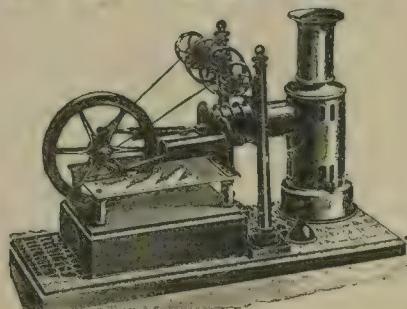
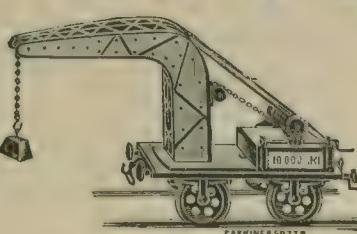
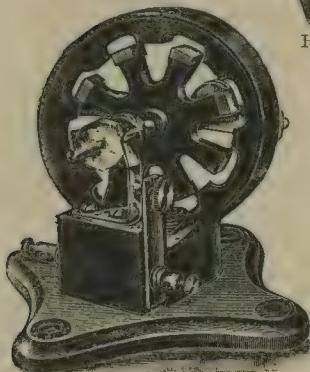
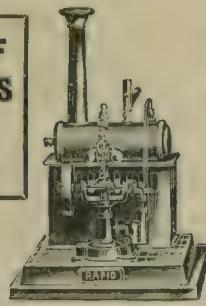
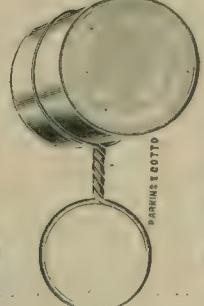
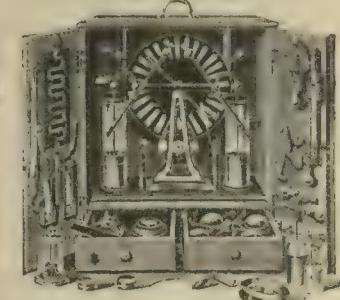
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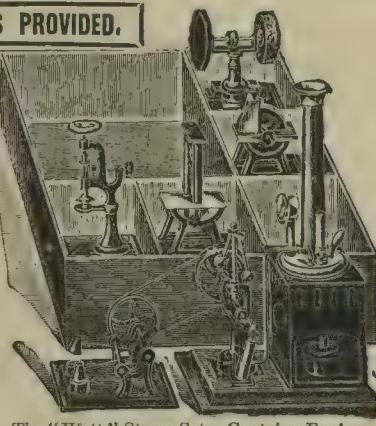
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The "LANCET" has commended it most highly.

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Is the health food for Babies and Invalids.



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**6 BOTTLES**  
of the genuine  
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**EAU DE COLOGNE**

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See that the  
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is on the outer case and on each bottle, and that the seals are *not* broken.

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FOR PHONOGRAPHS AND OTHER TALKING MACHINES.  
SEND FOR FULL RECORD LIST—OVER 2000 SELECTIONS.

EDISON-BELL CONSOLIDATED PHONOGRAPH CO. LTD.,  
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES:

The Bishop of Winchester has decided to present to Farnham parish church a Bible in which will be inscribed the full Christian and surname, rank and regiment, of the men of Farnham who served in South Africa during the war.

Bishop Bickersteth, who resigned the see of Exeter about two years ago, has been gradually declining in health, and of late months has been unable to attend to business or to undertake literary work.

The Bishop of Brisbane, who is returning to his diocese in January, held an important meeting at the Church House last week, in support of the building fund for his cathedral. Amongst those who are interesting themselves in the scheme are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Horace Tozer, the Agent-General for Queensland. The Bishop hopes to raise a sum of £6500 by the end of the year.

The Bishops of London and Stepney are working hard to raise funds for Church extension. On a recent Sunday the Bishop of Stepney travelled to Muswell Hill to plead for the poorer districts, and Dr. Winnington-Ingram is asking his clergy to reserve Rogation Sunday, May 17, for a united effort to increase the Bishop of London's Fund. Parish after parish owes its existence to the help given by this Fund; and yet there are large districts, the Bishop says, which cannot be formed into parishes because there is no church and no money wherewith to build and maintain one. He suggested that the poor of

the more fortunate parishes should be encouraged to do their part in bringing the ministrations of religion within the reach of others.

Preliminary arrangements are already being made for the Church Congress, which will be held in Bristol next October. The Bishop of the diocese presided recently over an influential gathering of clergy and laity, including the Lord Mayor of Bristol and the High Sheriff. He said that two or three years ago he had been asked if the Congress could meet in Bristol. But having no Bishop's house, he was obliged to decline. It had been originally intended to hold the Congress of 1903 at Liverpool, but, the proposal failing through, he was again asked if Bristol was available, and having consulted the Dean, Archdeacon, and others, he had acquiesced. Thirteen or fourteen Bishops have already promised to attend and take part in the proceedings, and it is expected that the Bishop of Winchester will preach the Congress sermon. It was resolved at this meeting to inaugurate a guarantee fund for £4000. The last Church Congress held in Bristol was in 1864.

The Bishop of London had a most successful visit to Oxford in November. His address on Work in Great Cities, delivered in the Town Hall, was followed with keen interest by a large gathering of University men. The Bishop said that he was born neither in Belgravia nor in Bethnal Green, and brought no biased mind to the problems of great cities. He was a country boy, and spent his summer holidays shooting and fishing, and if

anyone had told him then that he would spend nine years of his life in the greatest slum in the world, he should either have put his fishing-rod down his throat or peppered him with his gun. The Bishop gave a fascinating account of his own life and work at Bethnal Green, and told his Oxford hearers that, out of the immense population of London, he believed that only one in eighty ever went to church or chapel.

The Rev. M. N. Trollope, who has succeeded Father Dolling as Vicar of St. Saviour's, Poplar, has issued an appeal for help. He mentions that the parish contains ten thousand souls, almost all of whom are utterly poor. Outside the Vicarage and the residences of the mission workers, there is scarcely a house in the parish where a servant is kept, and the whole character of the neighbourhood is sadly deteriorating. The houses are small five-roomed cottages, with a tiny kitchen and back yard. Twenty years ago these were tenanted each by a single family; now an increasing number of them are occupied as tenements by two, three, or more families.

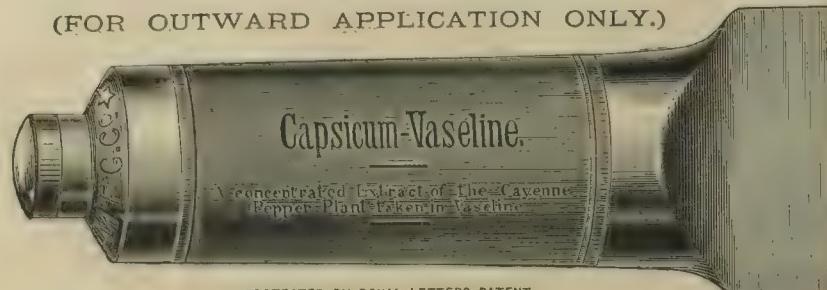
The Archbishop of Canterbury made an admirable speech in unveiling the stained-glass window which has been erected in St. Andrew's Chapel, Canterbury, to the memory of Canon Ellison. It was Canon Ellison who founded the Church of England Temperance Society, and the Archbishop said that whatever success had attended its efforts was largely due to the founder and his strenuous labour. The window is close to the memorial to Dean Stanley.

**YOU MAY SAVE YOUR CHILD'S LIFE  
BY HAVING IT AT HAND!**

# "Capsicum-Vaseline."

A remedy for Colds in the Chest, Throat, Lungs,  
Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and for use  
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(FOR OUTWARD APPLICATION ONLY.)



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No Re-Tinning Ever Required.

Every article bears our  
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To be Purchased of  
all Leading Stores  
and Ironmongers.

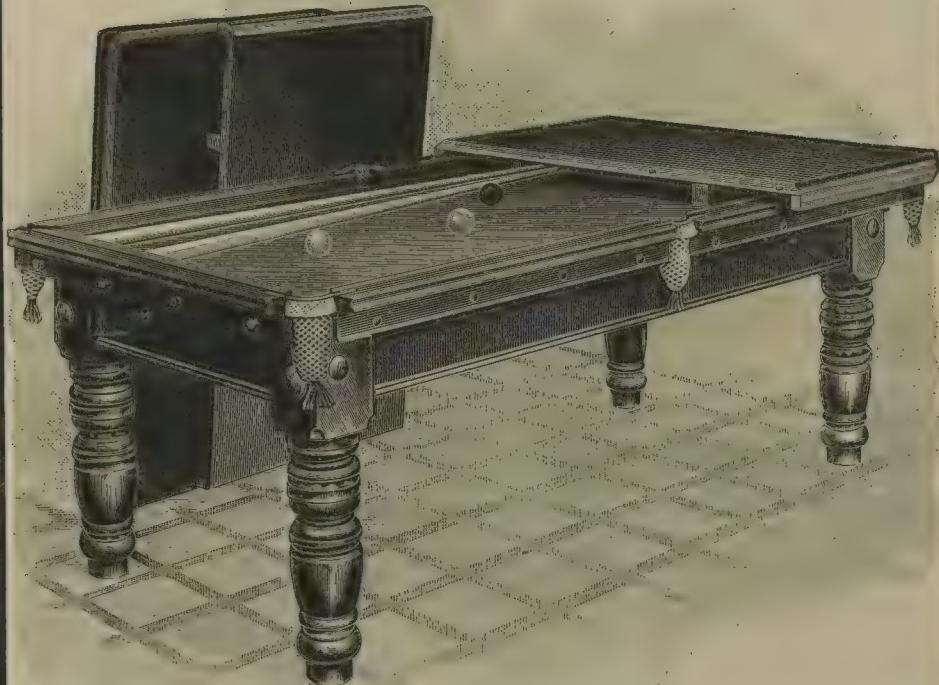


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**WESTPHALIAN NICKEL ROLLING MILLS,**  
(FLEITMANN, WITTE  
and CO.)

44, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

## RILEY'S Billiard & Dining Tables COMBINED.



SHOWING TABLE IN PROCESS OF BEING CONVERTED TO BILLIARD TABLE.

We have just Patented a New Billiard and Dining Table combined, which is, we believe, the easiest to manipulate of any yet invented. It is so arranged that the Billiard Table can be raised instantly and automatically to the right height required when playing billiards, and can be converted back to a Dining Table in a few seconds. The Table is adjustable and a perfect level is assured. A loose Dining Table Top is supplied which entirely covers up Billiard Table when used as a Dining Table.

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COMBINED BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE, Solid Thick Mahogany Legs and Sides, Solid Mahogany Low Billiard Cushions, fitted with Frost-proof Rubber, Best Slate Bed, covered with Superior Billiard Cloth, Six Strong Netted Pockets, Brass Pocket Plates, Brass Adjustments for levelling, Mahogany Marking Board with Ebonite Pointers, Set of Ivory Balls, 3 Cues, 1 Rest, Spirit Level, Tips, Cement, &c. All woodwork is handsomely French polished and Table warranted, and including Dining Table Top in Polished Hardwood or Mahogany, &c., as below.

BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE as above, with light loose Dining Table Top, Polished Hardwood—

Size of Billiard Table ... 5 ft. 4 in. ... 6 ft. 4 in. ... 7 ft. 4 in.

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Bile Beans for Biliousness cure Headache, Influenza, Constipation, Piles, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Rheumatism, Colds, Liver Chills, Indigestion, Debility, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Chemists or post free from the Bile Bean Mfg. Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per Box. SAMPLE BOX FREE on receipt of penny stamp (to cover return postage), if this paper is mentioned. Address—The Bile Bean Mfg. Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

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**BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS**

THE BEST CARPETS IN THE WORLD

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# REAL TURKEY CARPETS

AS IMPORTED BY

TRELOAR & SONS, Ludgate Hill.

REAL TURKEY CARPETS have lately been supplied by TRELOAR & SONS to the following Clubs, Regiments, and Institutions—

The CONSERVATIVE CLUB, St. James's Street.  
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The 4th BATTALION KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.  
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1oz. Packets.  
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THE ORIGINAL AND BEST.—BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.  
Absolutely Necessary for Health and Comfort.  
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In Packets (containing one dozen), from 6d. to 2/- each. A Sample Packet, containing three size O, and one each size 1, 2, and 4 Towels, will be sent post free for eight stamps on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM. **Southall's Sanitary Sheets** (for Accouchement), in three sizes, 1/-, 3/-, and 2/- each. From all Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists.

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SANITARY ABSORBENT,  
ANTISEPTIC and of  
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FOR HOME PLAYING. 4 Guineas to 9 Guineas  
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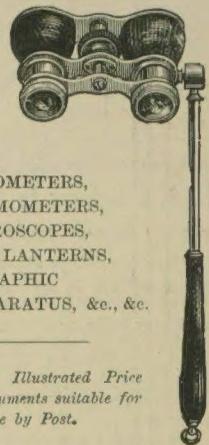
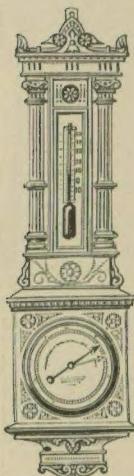
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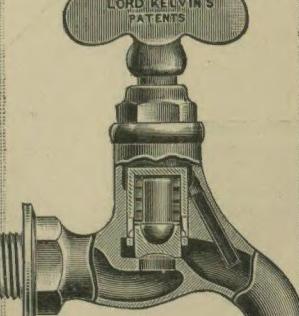
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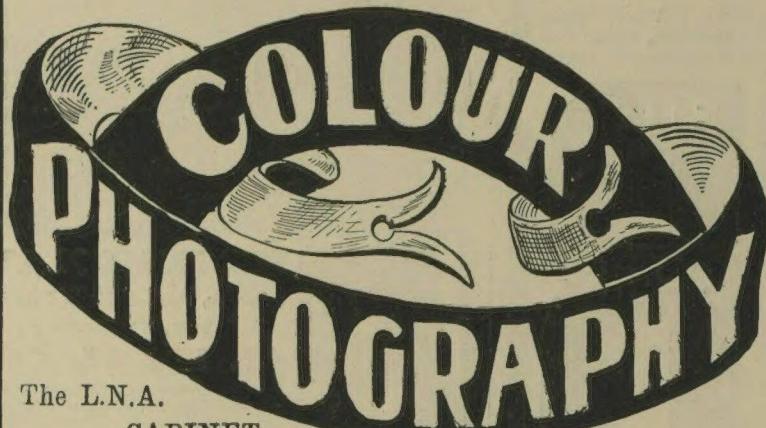
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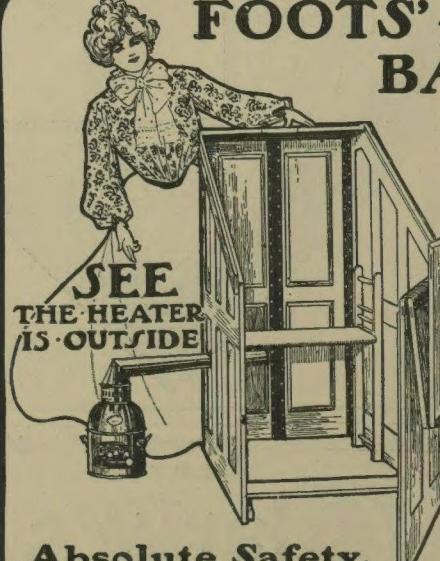
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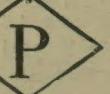
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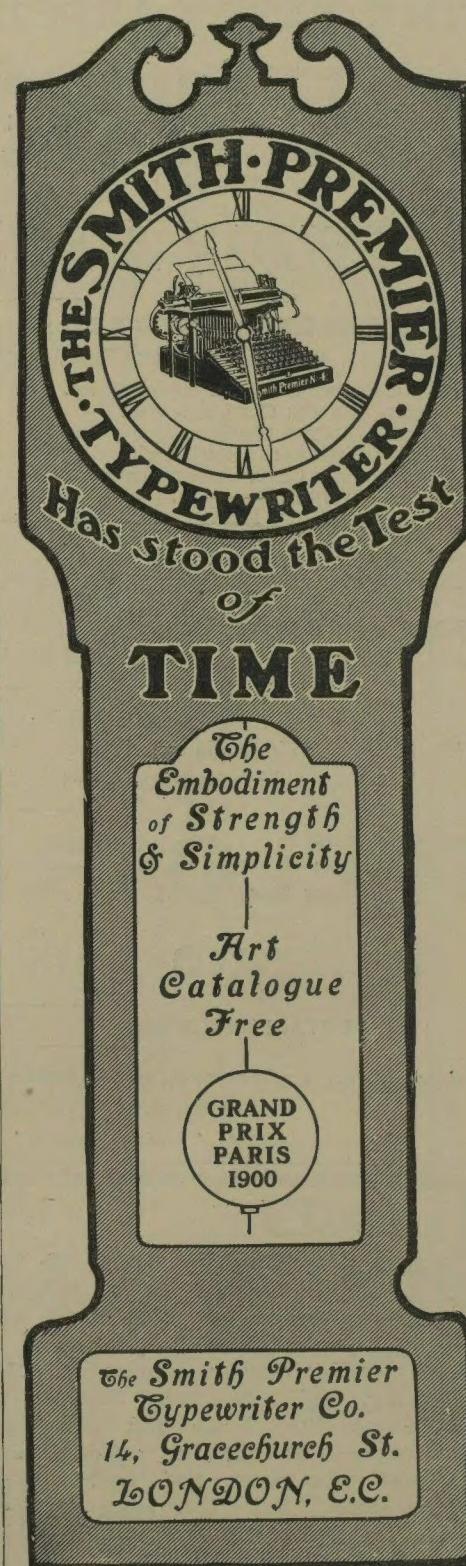
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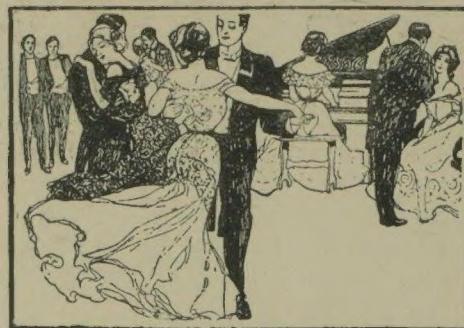
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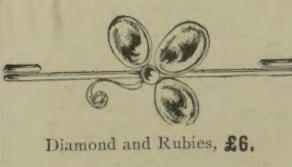
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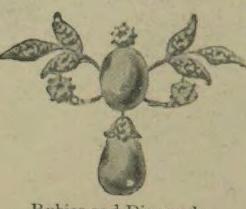
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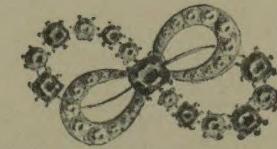
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